

See "A STORY OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS" on page 88 of this issue.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE RECENT HEATED TERM IN NEW YORK.

THE EFFECTS OF THE EXCESSIVE HEAT IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICTS OF THE CITY.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 89.]
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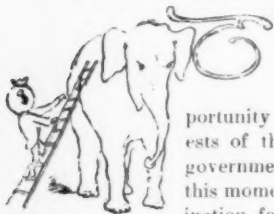
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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

The Gubernatorial Nomination.



HERE has never been a time in the history of the Republican party in this State when it had a grander opportunity to serve the highest interests of the people and promote sound government than is presented to it at this moment in the matter of the nomination for Governor and the selection of candidates for the Legislature. If it rises to the height of its opportunity and meets wisely and in a spirit of lofty patriotism the responsibility which devolves upon it, victory will crown its standards, and both the character of our government and the quality of our law will be elevated, the rights of local self-government will be restored, and civic integrity will be everywhere strengthened. If it fails to realize the gravity of the interests at stake, and permits itself to be dominated by low motives and factional ambitions, it will deserve defeat, since success under these conditions would amount only to a perpetuation of evils which menace the very foundations of the State.

There are already some indications that the influences which have so long controlled the party, to its immense detriment, will assert themselves aggressively in connection with the gubernatorial nomination. Gentlemen are named as possible candidates who have no claim whatever to consideration other than their slavish subservience to boss control. Efforts in behalf of this and that candidate are being quietly prosecuted in this city and elsewhere, and delegations are being arranged without any reference whatever to the wishes of the voters of the party. It ought to be understood at the start that no candidate who comes to the convention as the representative of factional intrigue, and with the backing of delegates selected in secret caucuses, can command, in the coming canvass, the support of the more intelligent and conscientious class of electors. The nomination of such a candidate would overwhelm the party with confusion and disaster. The Troy Times, in an article on this subject, expresses the precise truth when it says as to this particular point:

"The vast majority of reputable citizens wear no political collar and are subservient to no machine, and they have only contempt for those who surrender their own manhood in this regard. The vote of last fall was a revolt against bossism in all its forms. The free and independent voter may be counted on to resist machine rule and objectionable bossism in every shape and in any party. Leadership and organization there must be, and to these every party man may subscribe and lend his willing aid. But this is widely different from the machine mastery that makes every voter a mere automaton to register the will of a boss and often to help the most unscrupulous purpose. The time has gone by when the intelligent rank and file can be counted upon for unswerving obedience to such dictation. Objectionable bossism in the Republican party is just as offensive as in the Democratic party."

The nominee of the Republican party in this contest must represent the highest and best citizenship of the State. He must, in personal character and intellectual and moral equipment, measure up so fully to the highest standard of qualification that not even malignant partisanship can find a point of attack. His Republicanism must be of that high sort which knows nothing of faction and makes the welfare of the people and the maintenance of Republican principles and policies, as best adapted to the promotion of the general prosperity, his constant and supreme purpose. Great wealth should not be a bar in any man's way, if along with it he has marked capacity, uprightness of character, and freedom from all entangling alliances. But no man should be nominated merely because he is rich;—first, because these are times in which brains and not money are needed at the fore; and secondly, because such a nomination would affront the moral sense of the State, in that it would be a bid for the support of the venal and the corrupt, and introduce into the canvass influences and considerations which would deservedly weaken the party before the people. It is doubtful if a candidate is ever the stronger because of the possession of a long purse; in nine cases out of ten the

candidate who, being in other respects deserving, is able to contribute little or nothing to the legitimate expenses of a canvass, commands, in the aggregate, larger pecuniary help for its proper prosecution than the wealthy nominee, because in such cases more liberal contributions are made by the party at large, whereas in the other case the nominee is expected to foot the entire bill out of his own personal resources. There has never been a time when the money consideration counted for so little as it does now. Last year the Republicans carried the State with an empty treasury; they can do it this year, even more overwhelmingly, if they will rely upon the same moral forces which then gave them the victory. Let us, by all means, have a clean canvass with a clean candidate, and so assure beyond all question a result honorable to the party and promotive of the highest welfare of the State.

The Sugar Scandal.



ALL the disclosures made by the witnesses before the Senate investigating committee, and in the recent speeches of Democratic Senators, go to show that the Sugar trust contributed largely to the campaign fund of the Democracy in 1892. It did so with the express understanding that it should be protected in any tariff legislation that might be enacted. Senator Gorman admits that there was a bargain, but he undertakes to show that the pledges were made solely to Louisiana planters, and that the sugar schedule embodied in the compromise tariff was not in the interest of the trust, but was adopted with a view of securing the support of the Louisiana Senators for the bill. Senator Caffery, of that State, declares, on the contrary, that the bargain was made distinctively in the interest of the trust; that the schedule is not satisfactory to Louisiana, and that it was accepted only because of a direct understanding that the bounty for this year should stand. This agreement, he adds, was violated at the dictation of the trust, in defiance of good faith and every consideration of personal honor. This is undoubtedly the plain truth, and it leaves Senator Gorman and his two or three associates absolutely without defense, showing that it has been their purpose from the start to give the sum of at least ten millions of dollars annually to a monopoly at the expense of the general public, in return for pecuniary favors rendered a corrupt partisan cabal.

The truth is that the tariff bill, so far as it relates to sugar and other special interests, is throughout a matter of bargain and sale. No more scandalous exhibition of intrigue and venality has ever been made in our history. The interests of the people are not taken into consideration at all by the conspirators who have brought disgrace upon the country by their course in selling legislation to the highest bidder. They may imagine that they have succeeded in obscuring the issue by their recent vindictive attacks upon the President, but they will find that their betrayal of the public interests and their infidelity to party promises will be punished as they deserve. As between Grover Cleveland on the one hand, and Arthur P. Gorman, "Jim" Smith, and Calvin S. Brice on the other, in the issue now presented, no honest man, of whatever party, can hesitate for one second where to bestow his confidence.

Incomplete Education.



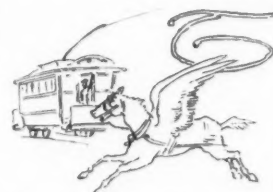
THE London Economist, commenting on the remarks of Professor Nicholson and Hon. A. J. Balfour on "Economics and Journalism," at the last meeting of the British Economic Association, takes the ground that economic discussion is only valuable when it occurs "with a definite and concrete purpose, and in view of some definite and concrete fact or series of facts." It holds that "the tendency of the economists who teach in colleges is to obscure the principles of political economy by a process of over-ingenuity and over-refinement." It says that "men of great natural subtlety of mind may conceivably find these refinements, and the elaborate and artificial nomenclature which accompanies them, no embarrassment and even a source of help. For ordinary men, however, they are a source of endless embarrassment and sophistication."

The London Economist does not put its statement as strongly as the facts would justify. By getting away from concrete and practical questions to abstract metaphysical hair-splitting and mere logarithms of nomenclature and fog-banks of terminology, many college economists become, like the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, the mere victims of a habit of ratiocination, intoxicating to their vanity only, and which needs a gold cure. They "divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side" with an industry which is less useful to the world than weaving Persian rugs by hand or solving perpetual motion. They not only do not discuss concrete questions well, such as protection and free trade, a bank-note or a government currency, the eight-hour law, the rightfulness of strikes, the source of

wages, the concentration of wealth, but they will sometimes be found either without convictions at all on these questions, or embracing superficial views of them based on a most childlike simplicity and barrenness of culture. And yet these are the very questions which confront us in every-day life, and as to which it is of the very highest importance that there should be practical enlightenment.

And this leads us to say that our educational systems are all more or less defective in this particular: they do not furnish a practical knowledge of elementary economics or an adequate equipment for the higher responsibilities of citizenship. In how many schools are pupils instructed, intelligently, in civics? How many students, when they quit the public school, have been instructed in the foundation principles of civil government, and carry with them any appreciation of their duties to society and their obligations to the State? How many of these know anything at all about such subjects as taxation, tariffs, the relations of capital and labor, the sources and scope of legislation? Our public school system has contributed immensely to the popular enlightenment; it has given us mastery over physical forces, and broadened our capacity as a people in all material pursuits; but these last, essential as they are, are not the main nor the highest good. Recent events have illustrated in a most striking way that with all our prosperity and power there is no security against the assaults of prejudices and antagonisms which rest in misconceptions of the obligations of citizenship and ignorance of economic principles and laws. We believe thoroughly in what is called "the higher education," but we believe also in the education that is suited to the average man—that awakens his ambition, trains and develops his faculties, and teaches him how to make the most of himself and his opportunities in all the relations of life. An education that does not educate the whole man and fit him for the actual environment in which he is placed is, as to life's highest ends, just no education at all.

The State Teachers' Association of Texas recently adopted, and the National Educational Association subsequently approved, a series of resolutions urging that greater attention be given by all school-teachers to existing social and economic problems, and that the school curriculum should everywhere be so enlarged as to inculcate "not only a broader patriotism, but the rights and duties of citizenship, the rights of property, and the security and sacredness of human life." It will be a glad day for the country when all our schools measure up to the standard of practical usefulness to which the adoption of these suggestions would elevate them.

The Trolley and the Horse
"Industry."

THE clang of the bell of the first successful trolley-car struck the death-knell of an industry—the breeding of the "plain horse," otherwise known as the "streeter." This business had increased with the growth of street-railroads until it had assumed great proportions. A special grade of horse was required, and the demand had created the supply. Farmers had turned from less profitable pursuits to raising "streeters," and had made money. This was especially true in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana, and in less degree in Kentucky, Tennessee, New York, some of the far Western States, and Canada. At St. Louis and Cincinnati there were great horse markets, where the railroad horse was the staple. In the Eastern cities, too, more horses of this class were dealt in than of any other. Although there was a steady increase in the number bred annually, the demand outran the supply, and the average price paid in New York was, at one time, one hundred and seventy-five dollars, with correspondingly high rates at the Western markets.

It was about four years ago that the most far-sighted of the breeders and dealers saw that electricity as a motive power meant a revolution in horse-breeding. By 1892, when of 11,634 miles of street-railroads, 5,939 were operated by wire as against 4,460 by horse-power, the residue being steam and cable roads, the demand for "streeters" had fallen off nearly one-half. That the decrease was not even greater was due solely to the fact that many miles of the electric roads were new lines. By 1893, during which year the mileage of electric roads in a total of 12,187 grew to 7,466, as against 3,497 miles of horse roads, the residue being operated by steam and cable, the demand for new railroad horses was practically gone, and prices declined to a level that would not pay for raising the horses.

There is not space here to enter exhaustively into statistics, but the facts as they exist in and around New York will illustrate the general situation. Before the introduction of the trolley twenty-eight thousand horses were employed in hauling cars in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. As the average life of a railroad horse is but four years, this meant a steady sale of seven thousand horses every year to the railroads here. Down to date ten thousand, five hundred horses have been displaced by cable and trolley. The sale of these animals to the

lines still using the old traction has practically supplied the demand during the past year at nominal figures, and the prices of horses generally have fallen to a level hitherto unprecedented, only the very "first chop" selling at anything like normal rates. Dealers are worried, and breeders who did not read aright the signs of the times and turn to the raising of other than railroad horses, or leave the business altogether, are in despair.

Just how many horses were used by the street-railroads of the entire country before the introduction of the trolley, it would be difficult to determine. Some idea may be obtained of the total displacement, however, from the fact that ten horses are allowed to every car in operation, and that in 1893 there were 16,845 horse-cars, 17,233 electric cars, and 4,805 cable-cars, a total of 38,903. As some of these cars are always laid up, however, the total number of horses that would be used had not the trolley or something akin to it been introduced is less than would appear on the surface, but it is within the facts, probably, to say that the present street-railway traffic of the United States would require the daily use of two hundred and fifty thousand horses, which would be equivalent to a yearly market for sixty-two thousand, five hundred.

In New England, where many lines of trolley road have been built between villages, there has been a falling off in sales of vehicles as well as horses. Stages have been displaced altogether in several places, and many a man who formerly found it necessary or convenient to drive his own horse and wagon from town to town has been able to dispense therewith and use the cars instead. A person whose business has led him to look into the matter informed the writer recently that the decrease thus brought about in sales of light wagons in New England during 1893 was, in his opinion, fully twenty per cent.

It does not comfort the breeder who finds his occupation gone to tell him that the introduction of improved ways of doing things has always been attended by results somewhat similar, any more than the man who is run over and killed by a trolley-car is repaid for the loss of life by the fact that survivors may ride more swiftly and pleasantly than they could in horse-cars. But the facts must be accepted, and breeders must turn to other business. Only the most skillful can raise fancy horses for draft or speed or style, but, fortunately, the demand for horses being gone, persons of this class may turn to raising cattle, with a prospect of profitable returns, since, if the industries of the country be not permanently injured, the demand for beef in the United States will be an increasing one for many years to come.

The Pitiableness of Old Age.



IS there anything more pitiable and sad than helpless and destitute old age? There is no more beautiful or inspiring spectacle than that of a life crowned with the hoar and honors of many years, standing in serene and happy eminence in the midst of other lives which bear no fruitage. We have all looked upon this picture of old age, beloved and saintly ones waiting, with loins girt and feet sandaled and staff in hand, for the hour of departure. Maybe there was a day when you were wont to say your prayers at the knee of such an one; maybe, even now, you find in the sheltering arms of some such one a refuge when the storms beat and the world's frets and cares harass and smite you. But one to whom the years have brought no ripening of the soul, no bounties of Providence, nothing but sterility and emptiness, come at last to stand alone, just a bleak and scarred thing—what object in all the world is so forlorn as that?

The other day there was found in a bare little room on the top floor of a rear tenement in this city a woman one hundred and three years old, whose life and experience illustrate vividly the sorrows of the homeless and forsaken aged. For nearly a quarter of a century she had been buffeted to and fro by adverse fortune, barely earning a subsistence by such employment as one so feeble as she was able to find. Latterly she had been helpless and penniless, living by the scant assistance of others almost as poor as herself. When discovered she was penniless, and had she not been found in her lonely garret, must have died of starvation. Her one supreme desire was to "find some place where she could die in peace." If the story of her struggles and her sufferings could be written, how much of pathos it would embody. And if one could adequately describe the hopelessness and misery of the poor life as it is to-day, with its more than a hundred years of conflict behind it, and its dismal present outlook, its deepening shadows unrelieved by one random ray of hope or joy, what a picture it would be of the emptiness of a human life when all its springs have run dry.

There is in the Paris Salon a picture of a scene in a desert. It portrays a vast expanse of sand, burning under a pitiless sky, with not one green spray anywhere in sight. In the foreground lies a lion, his limbs shrunken and relaxed, his visage distorted, his eyes ghastly. Just within reach of his outstretched paw is a little pool of polluted water, a few drops only in the hollow of the sand. The

king of beasts has sought to reach the pool, but he is dying there, under the burning skies, baffled and helpless. How many lives there are, once strong and lusty, now spent and shrunken, of which this desert picture is a type!

The sorrows of the helpless and forgotten old: we do well to pity them and, so far as we may, assuage them. Our modern civilization, with its broadening Christian spirit, is finding place more and more among its multitudinous agencies for institutional forms of help and relief for the very aged. We have our homes for the care of aged men and women; our asylums and infirmaries for the treatment of their peculiar maladies; but we have not yet done in this direction all that we ought to do. Too often admission to these homes depends upon the ability of the applicant to make a definite money deposit with the management, and this condition closes the doors in the faces of many of the most deserving objects of this form of charity. We ought somehow to provide, out of the fullness of our prosperity, that no lorn and desolate man or woman who has come to the twilight of old age, and is bereft of all earthly prop and stay, should be permitted to go comfortless and without touch of any steady-hand down the declivities which lead to the last eclipse and the new dawn beyond.

The Commission of Inquiry.



THE commission appointed by the President to investigate the recent railway strikes will, we think, command public confidence as well qualified for the important work assigned it. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the National Commissioner of Labor, who is a member of the commission by positive requirement of the statute under which it is created, is widely known for his judicial temper and exceptional knowledge of the labor question. Mr. John D. Kernan, of this State, another member of the commission, is a lawyer of ability and high integrity, and was for a time a member of the railroad commission of the State. The third member of the board of inquiry, Judge Nicholas E. Worthington, of Illinois, is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers of his State, and is said to have given a good deal of attention to the study of economic questions.

It is fortunate that the board will begin its work with the confidence of both parties to the controversies which have lately disturbed the public peace and so seriously menaced the public welfare. While its power is necessarily limited, and it cannot enforce the decisions it may arrive at, it can elicit and give to the public in an authoritative way the precise facts in the case committed to its consideration; and this will be a real gain in any future consideration of the general question of strikes, their relation to the public, and the relative limitations of labor and capital. The board has no authority to inquire into the Pullman strike, and this is to be regretted, since it is highly desirable, in view of the contradictory statements which have been given to the public as to the conditions out of which that particular strike was evolved, that something in the nature of an official *exposé*, based upon a calm and exhaustive inquiry, should be had as a basis of just and intelligent public judgment.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THERE seems to be a Republican revival in many of the Western States. The State conventions lately held in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Arkansas were the largest and most enthusiastic held in many years, all being characterized by an aggressive spirit, and there seems to be no room for doubt that the ground lost in recent contests will be fully recovered. In one or two of these States the rank and file of the party have asserted themselves effectively against unpopular boss control, and new influences will give a new and healthy impulse to the canvass soon to be entered upon. This promises to be a "good Republican year" wherever the party realizes its opportunity and proves itself worthy of it.

It is a pity that those of our very rich people who are constantly struggling to evade their just share of the burdens of government cannot see that their course tends directly to accentuate the discontent which now so largely exists among "the common people." It goes without saying that these efforts are in nearly every case dishonest in intent and wholly indefensible. It is against public policy that wealth should escape taxation. Enjoying as it does the protection of the laws, it should meet cheerfully all that they exact in the way of taxes. It cannot be otherwise than that the spectacle of the trickery and artifice often resorted to by men of wealth to cheat the taxpayer should beget a sense of outrage and injustice; and

it may be said with truth that just at this time nothing could tend more directly to inflame the public mind, and to deepen the animosities which certain classes feel toward the rich, than this unwise action of many favorites of fortune.

THE National Sculpture Society has initiated a movement for the improvement of our national coinage, the artistic merits of which have provoked frequent and widespread criticism. The society offers a first prize of three hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred dollars for the best sets of designs in plaster for the silver dollar of the United States, each competitor to furnish two designs, and all models to be six inches in diameter. This competition ought to result in the production of designs so superior, in artistic excellence, to the dollar coins now in use, and so acceptable to public opinion, that the adoption of some one of them by the government will become practically compulsory. The only regret is that the competition does not include other coins which are equally offensive to good taste.

SIR EDWARD REED, the great English civil engineer, proposes to connect the United Kingdom with France by means of a tubular steel railway at the bottom of the English Channel. According to his plan there will be a pair of tubes, each to be used only for trains going in one direction. These immense tubular cases are to be united into sections of a manageable length, sealed at the ends, and, being air-tight, floated out and anchored over the spots where they are to lie eventually. When both lines are *in situ* above their permanent resting-places they will be sunk by means of caissons, and the sections bolted and jointed together under water. As electricity, in the shape of storage batteries, will be the locomotive power employed, there will be no dust or cinders. Ventilation will be maintained by the train itself, which, acting as a piston, will drive the vitiated air in front of it, and draw along with it the fresh air behind. The two lines of tubing are to be close beside each other, and to be united at intervals by iron girders.

THERE have been some remarkable exhibitions of popular sympathy with law-breakers in the Western States during the excitement over the railway strikes. One of the most notable of these is afforded in the action of some five hundred citizens of an Indiana town, where a railway engineer was murdered by four young men concerned in a strike. The offenders, having been arrested, were convicted and sentenced to two years confinement in the State prison; but before they were removed thereto they were entertained in the yard of the county jail at a sort of banquet, being themselves seated in the place of honor, surrounded by their relatives, who had been invited to share the honors of the occasion. Another exhibition of the same sympathy with lawlessness was furnished by the attorney-general of North Dakota. An armed mob of fifty men disarmed and overpowered United States officers who had been directed to arrest certain disorderly strikers. The attorney-general not only offered to defend the arrested rioters free of charge, but made an address to their sympathizers commending their course, and going out of his way to insult the Federal officials who were engaged in the execution of their duty. We are glad to believe that cases of this sort are exceptional, but they tend to show a condition of society in some Western communities which makes easily possible such wholesale violations of the law as have been recently witnessed.

THE railway mail department is conducted more nearly, perhaps, along civil-service lines than any other equally important branch of the public service, and the advantages of this exemption from partisan manipulation are seen in its steady growth in efficiency. Take the figures supplied by the annual report of the second division, comprising New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the peninsula of Maryland and Virginia, as illustrative of this fact. During the year ending on the 30th of June last the pieces of mail-matter distributed by the postal service in this division amounted to 1,207,266,488. This enormous volume of mail, it is to be remembered, is required to be distributed in transit, and the clerks, in order that no mistakes may be made, must be familiar with the location of every post-office in the district covered by them, the points of railway intersection and connection, and the route by which any letter, paper, or package must be sent in order to reach its destination with the utmost expedition. Keeping this fact in mind, it must be regarded as the very highest proof of the efficiency of this service that in the distribution of 1,207,266,488 pieces of mail of all classes there were only 77,848 errors! The steady improvement in the work done is shown by the statement that during the year the decrease in the number of errors was 5.98 per cent. from the previous year. Mr. R. C. Jackson, the superintendent of this division, has been connected with the railway postal department from the beginning, and is perhaps the best equipped man in the service for the very responsible position he occupies. It is to be hoped that the efforts now making in Congress to demoralize this service by subjecting it to partisan influences may not be successful.



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.



JOHN D. KERNAN.

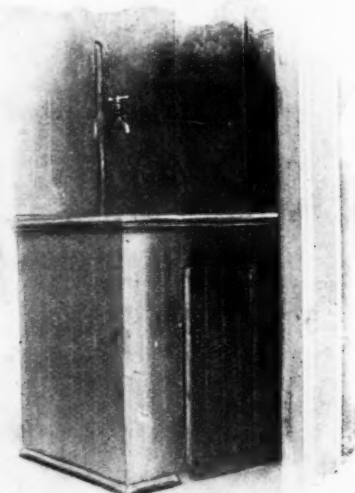


HON. N. E. WORTHINGTON.

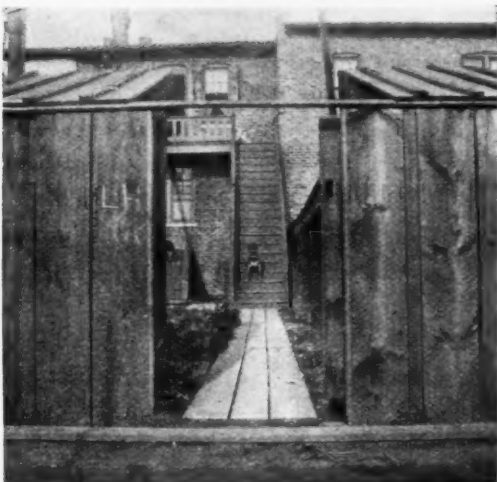
THE BOARD OF INQUIRY APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO INVESTIGATE THE RECENT RAILWAY STRIKE



MAIN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION.



WATER-CLOSETS AND WATER FOR THREE FLATS IN BLOCK E—THE THREE FLATS PAY FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH EACH, WATER RATE.



REAR (AND ONLY) ENTRANCE TO SECOND-STORY FLATS ON STEVENSON STREET, NORTH—THREE SMALL ROOMS, \$9.50; DOWN-STAIRS, TWO ROOMS, DO.



APARTMENT IN ATTIC OF BLOCK F—TWO ROOMS, RENT, \$7.50.



REAR (AND ONLY) ENTRANCE TO SECOND-STORY FLATS ON FULTON STREET, NORTH—THREE ROOMS, \$9.50.



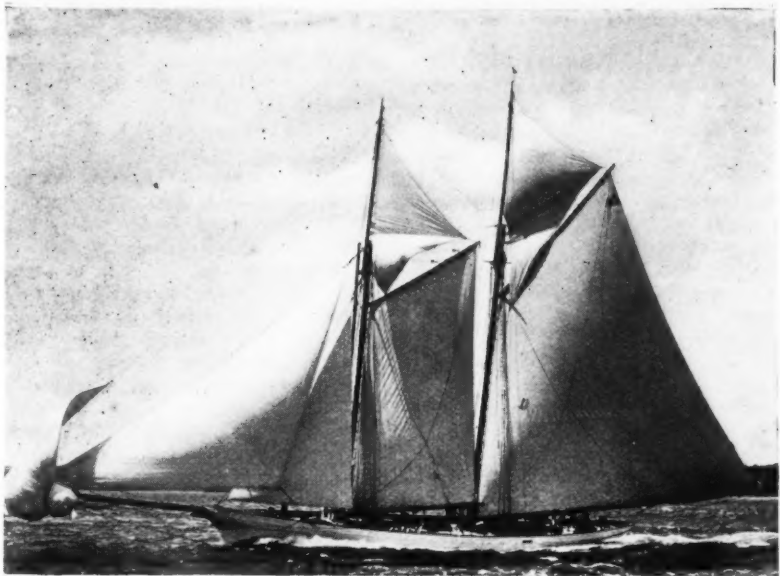
KENSINGTON AVENUE COTTAGES, THREE ROOMS, RENT, \$10.00.



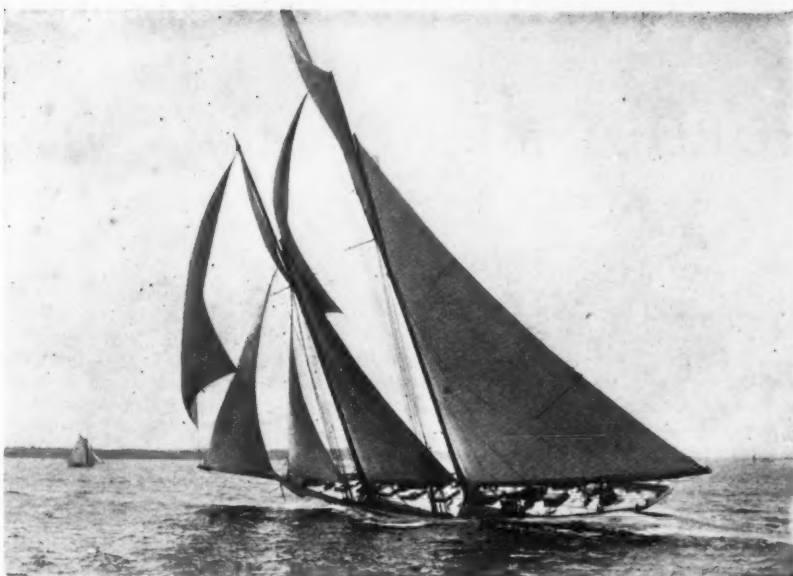
BLOCK 8, 34x57 FEET OUTSIDE, THIRTEEN FAMILIES, THREE-ROOM FLATS, RENT, \$10.40; WATER, 60 CENTS

THE TOWN OF PULLMAN, ILLINOIS—THE HOMES AND WAGES OF THE PULLMAN OPERATIVES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE, ON PAGE 92, THE ONLY AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY.]

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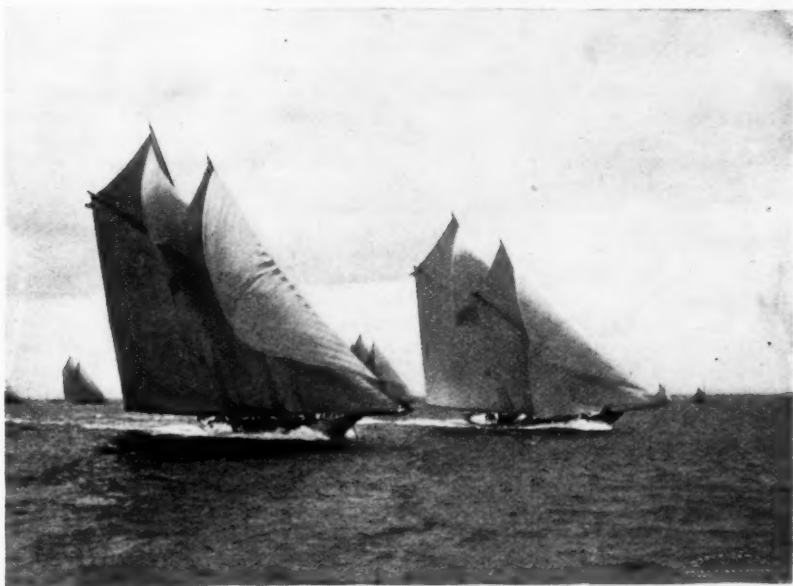
THE "SACHEM" (CENTRE-BOARD SCHOONER).



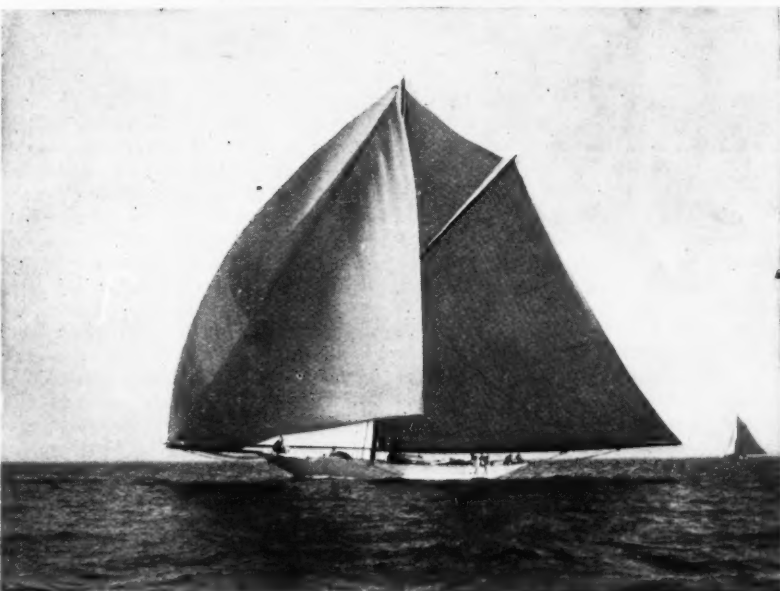
THE "EMERALD" (CENTRE-BOARD).



THE LASCA (CENTRE-BOARD SCHOONER)



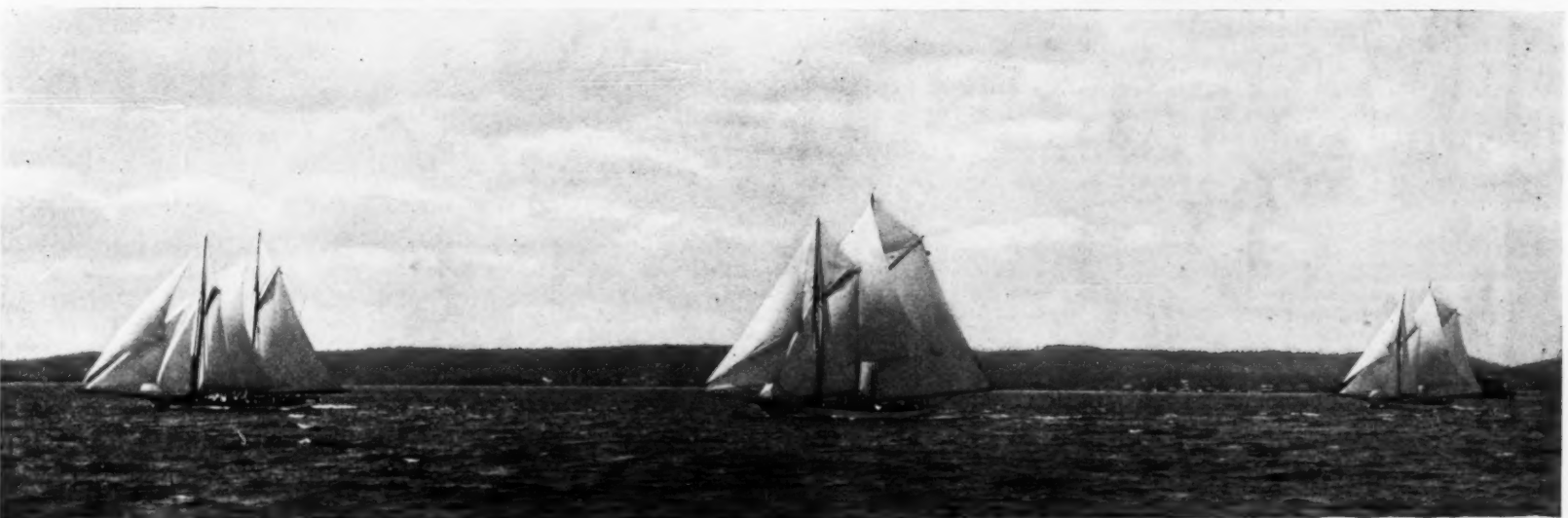
THE "ALCÆA" (KEEL SCHOONER) AND "ARIEL" (CENTRE-BOARD).



THE "WASP" (KEEL CUTTER).



THE "KATRINA" (KEEL).



THE "VIATOR."

THE "NEAERA."

THE "AGNES."

JUST OVER THE LINE AT START.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—SOME OF THE VESSELS OF THE FLEET.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. E. BOLLES.
[SEE PAGE 93]
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FORGET-ME-NOT ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

LESHIA might be said in some respects to be typical of the river by which she lived; in the sinuous grace of her figure, in the sparkling blue of her eyes, and in the untrammelled freedom of her movements, which was the outgrowth of her island life.

She was coming slowly up the path leading from the boat-landing, picking her way over the little patches of snow and puddles of water—for it was April, and the sun was sending down warm, revivifying rays, doing away with the remnants of winter and bringing out the treasures of spring.

Mrs. Brooke, Leshia's step-mother, was scouring milk-pans, and Mr. Brooke had just come around the corner of the house and was inspecting the row of bee-hives which had been wintered in the sheltered inclosure.

"The daffs and polyanthus is for'ard."

"Yes," returned Mr. Brooke. "The bees have wintered well, too."

"Where's Leshy?"

"Coming up the path."

"I set that girl to scourin' the pans. She scoured just two and went off. Ever sence she's been to Gananoque to school she don't take no interest in things—her head's full of ideas."

"How the bees hum!" Mr. Brooke bent his tall, stoop-shouldered figure over the hives. "Shouldn't wonder if they swarmed in May," he said.

"You've gone and turned the subjee' again;" and there was an aggrieved look on Mrs. Brooke's broad, good-humored face. "Every time I speak about Leshy you begin to talk about something else. That girl tries me, she does."

Mr. Brooke was scraping dead bees from the shingles in front of the hives, but he paused and looked up with a disinterested expression.

"You and I have arrived at the time of life when work and rest fill our days. She craves something more."

"Fiddlesticks!" And Mrs. Brooke brought the sanded cloth around the side of a pan with a vigorous sweep. Just then Leshia came up.

"You called me?"

"I should think likely. I hollered myself hoarse. Can't you finish these pans while I get the dinner?"

The girl went mechanically about her task, stopping now and then to watch the cakes of ice floating down the river, and smiling a little at the fanciful thoughts which ran through her mind. The island, with its two-score of barren acres, was fairly land; the broad St. Lawrence a Southern sea; the cakes of ice her lover's fleet coming to rescue her—an enchanted princess. An enchanted princess in a faded pink calico, with three broad rows of deeper pink running around the skirt and testifying that she had grown apace. Then she laughed aloud. One tuck had been let down when she was fourteen; one when she was sixteen; and that morning she was eighteen, and thrifty Mrs. Brooke brought the old frock out again with the third and last tuck ripped out.

"It'll do you for the spring cleanin' and save your new gingham," she argued. "I moved the buttons and let out a seam," she added, when Leshia urged that the waist would be too tight. She had already burst some of the buttons off and put in a pin to fasten the gap, as she bent over her task.

"Pa," she said, turning to Mr. Brooke, who was washing in the little hand-basin on the back stoop, "do you know when the Norwoods are coming to 'Norway'?"

"The last of May. I heard."

"Don't go to buildin' on them," said Mrs. Brooke, who had come to the door to call them to dinner. "Such as them forgit and remember, just as it happens."

At that Leshia's bright face sobered a little, for "Norway" and the Norwoods and what might possibly happen there, or by way of them, largely dominated her thoughts of the future. They ought to remember her, for the summer before she had plunged from her little row-boat into the river and saved young Jack Norwood from drowning. They had overwhelmed her with gratitude and with unlimited offers of cheques which she proudly refused, although arrangements were made with Mr. Brooke which enabled her to have a much-desired winter at school in Gananoque.

"Next year you shall see things and do things," impulsively declared Jeanie Norwood, who had elicited the fact that Leshia's mother had been a New Brunswick MacGregor, but had been disowned by her people because she had eloped from boarding-school with a professor of languages. She had died when Leshia was a little child.

Leshia had implicit faith in a promise which seemed to open a shining vista leading right away from the rocky island and its monotonous existence, from Mrs. Brooke, with her lack of refinement, into an ideal life. But, there was her father!

"Pa," she said one day, "why did you ever marry her? She is good and kind, but—" Then she shrugged her shoulders and paused.

"I know," he said, wearily. "I married her to take care of you. What could I have done? How like your mother you are growing!" And he rested his rough hand lightly on her soft, bright hair, then walked slowly away with bent head.

The third day after the flag was run up at Norway Leshia put on her new gingham, filled a little basket with purple iris and bunches of forget-me-nots, and started to seek her fortune, as she gayly said.

Mrs. Brooke eyed her preparations with disfavor. "There's nothin' there that concerns you. You'd better stay at home and not be a-pushin' yourself for'ard," she said. But Leshia unfastened her boat all the same, and sent it spinning over the water with vigorous strokes. Miss Norwood was at the landing and greeted her carelessly. Her cool "How do you do?" made Leshia's heart sink. Was it really as her step-mother had said—that people were insincere and ungrateful? Then Jeanie Norwood came running to meet her, and threw her arms around her.

"Just the one I want to see!" she exclaimed. "The first german is to be given next week, and I haven't forgotten that I promised to take you to see one."

Leshia's face grew radiant. "How good you are!" she said.

"Another thing, as we are so nearly of a height, I had a lovely dress made for you by my measure. You are to wear it that night."

"Oh, no," and she drew back with the pretty, deer-like motion of her head. "No one shall give me gowns. There are some of my mother's I am making over."

"Now see here," said Miss Norwood, as they went to the house after Leshia had gone, "if you like to take the responsibility of introducing this bit of the backwoods in the costume she will be likely to get together out of her mother's old dresses you can. But don't expect me to have anything to do about it."

It so happened that Miss Norwood had much to do about it, for fate placed Leshia right in her hands. Chesley Kasson was left without a partner the night of the german by the sudden illness of the belle with whom he was to have danced. He had been looking with the eye of a connoisseur at the beautiful stranger, in her quaint gown of creamy India muslin, with its full skirt and surplice waist confined with a sash of soft silk. Her face was like a flower, and her eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots she wore.

"Why don't you present me to that charming girl who came in with your sister?" he asked.

Miss Norwood, after a moment's consideration, consented.

"Miss MacGregor, this is Mr. Kasson. Miss MacGregor, of Forget-me-not Island," she repeated, giving Leshia a warning nudge.

Leshia's color came and went as Kasson requested the honor of the dance. "I have waltzed with girls at school," she said, "but never with a gentleman."

"Oh, I can guide you all right. We will all help you through the figures," he added, eagerly. For this *blasé* society leader thought that a girl who had not danced with a man would be a new sensation.

The girl danced naturally—her feet touched the floor as lightly as the gull's wings dipped the blue St. Lawrence, and, as there had never been so much as a masculine shadow thrown across her life, it was wonderful to her to meet the magnetic glances of Kasson's gray eyes.

"You will come to the informal hop Saturday night?" Kasson asked.

"I—I hardly know," she hesitated. "I do not believe I can."

"You will bring her, will you not?" he appealed to Jeanie.

"Certainly," she promptly replied, for a rapid idea of match-making flashed through her mind. Chesley Kasson was the most eligible bachelor at the resort. What a fine and romantic plan, to be sure!

"Just let him call you Miss MacGregor," she advised. "It doesn't matter, as it is your middle name."

So Leshia drifted into the subterfuge as well as into meeting Kasson a great many times.

"Are not you ever here without the Norwoods?" he asked. "I will take care of you any evening you like to come."

After that Leshia coaxed her father to let her accompany him when he went down to get his mail and do errands. It all went very well until she came one night in a quaint gray *barège* dress of her mother's. She had worn the white muslin and her one blue flannel so many times! Other people seemed to wear different dresses every night, and the gown looked to her not unlike theirs in fashion. So she altered it very little, fastened it at the throat with a large cameo pin set with pearls, threw an old-fashioned *crêpe* shawl with knotted fringe around her shoulders, stuck a queer old comb in her hair, and looked like a lovely picture. But everybody stared at her, and some one said, audibly, "Just out of the ark." Then Kasson saw his sister and a bevy of fashionable belles in the parlors and hastened Leshia into a secluded corner of the piazza. He set a chair for her and bent over her with an air of devotion which meant little to him and much to her.

"You are lovely," he said, as he possessed himself of her hand. She blushed and looked up at him with her innocent blue eyes. "Why may I not come and see you?" he asked.

"Oh, that you cannot," she answered, while a sharp pain ran through her heart as she thought why he could not.

"Sometime you will let me, I know. You will wish me to come."

Then he leaned over and raised her hand to his lips, while her foolish heart fluttered.

"I must go," she said, abruptly. They had not gone far when he turned back with her.

"Just wait a few moments," he said.

His sister and her friends were coming that way, and Miss MacGregor's costume was peculiar, to say the least. It seemed to her that she sat there a long time. The piazzas were becoming deserted, and the servants were tipping the chairs back. She grew frightened and started down the steps, but found that she did not know which way to turn.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed aloud.

"Can I help you about anything?" asked a pleasant voice.

Then a tall young man who had been leaning over the railing, smoking, flung away his cigar and approached her. She remembered that she had seen him watching the dancers, always in his boating flannels, and that he was either naturally dark or browned by exposure, and evidently did not care for society. He was Dr. Colyer, she heard them say—Dr. Jim, they called him—and that he went in for athletics and doctoring poor children.

"Mr. Kasson left me here," she explained. "He asked me to wait a few moments. He must have forgotten me, and I don't quite know my way."

Her voice trembled, and as they came toward the light he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Kasson's up to his old tricks," he thought. "Where do you wish to go?" he asked.

"To Cornwall's store. If you will just take me to the walk I can find my way easily enough. All these steps are so confusing."

As they came into the full glare of the light he looked at her with surprise.

"There is nothing *fin de siècle* about you," he said, gravely, but with a whimsical twinkle in his dark eyes. "Instead, I am quite sure you were born in eighteen hundred, and flit about o' nights and disappear at dawn among the beams and rafters of Cornwall's store."

"Oh, no; I was born in"—then she paused, for she saw that he was laughing. "I am afraid I do look old-fashioned," she added, sadly. "Do you—do you suppose that Mr. Kasson was ashamed of me?" and her lip quivered a little as she said it.

"Impossible. He affects the æsthetic, and you look like a picture."

"Don't come any farther," she said. "I know where I am now. I thank you very much. You have been most kind."

After he left her Dr. Jim stopped to look at his watch.

"Twenty minutes to eleven. Who is this girl, and where is she going?"

It was dark at the store, and Mr. Brooke was walking uneasily back and forth. He looked pale and troubled.

"Where have you been?" he asked, anxiously. "It is late and you are alone. What does it mean? Are you deceiving me?" His voice was hoarse, and he took her by the shoulder and turned her face toward him.

She murmured an explanation and they rowed home in silence. The next morning she awoke heavy-eyed. Her dreams had been confused, and, strangely enough, the bitter memory of the lonely half-hour in the shadowy corner was so lost in the sweetness of the recollection of the tender look in Kasson's eyes that it grew indistinct. The sun of her happiness swept away every shadow from her heart, and as she looked out she thought there had never been such a perfect day. One yacht was already sweeping far up the river with its snowy sails widespread. As she looked after it with half-shut eyes the sails took on the semblance of a hand. She thought of the "hand of fate," the "hand of Providence." The phrases haunted her—something was coming into her life. Something beautiful. Perhaps Mr. Kasson was coming to ask her to marry him. He had told her that he loved her, and, to her inexperienced, love meant marriage. He would come and would never mind Mrs. Brooke, but would take her away to a charmed existence in the beautiful world in which he lived.

Late in the afternoon the same yacht came in sight again; the wind had changed and it swept gayly down the river. It seemed to sail right out of the sunset on a bright water-way which led straight from a billowy mass of gold and crimson, while around it hovered a purple haze that was continually shifting and giving a strange unreality to the scene. "The hand of fate," she murmured, as she watched it disappear behind an island.

"Leshy, Leshy," Mrs. Brooke called the next morning. "Pa has let old Brindle into the barnyard; he's gittin' another load of hay. You'll have to milk her, for my back's as lame as lame. Slip on your old pink calico."

Leshia went down from dream-life into reality in a dazed sort of way. She lingered about her task, and had just finished when she heard voices. Her step-mother was saying, with her soft, easy drawl:

"Land sakes! never saw a cow milked! Milk's a sight better fresh from the cow. Come right this way." And there was Chesley Kasson, two young ladies, and Dr. Jim! Kasson's face was impassive. There was no look of recognition in his eyes, which were cold and steely instead of magnetic. He looked beyond Leshia, around her, and over her, yet she felt that he counted every pink row that ran around her dress and saw the pinned-over gap.

The girls talked volubly about the delicious look of the foam on the pail, and how glad they were they happened to stop. Whereupon Mrs. Brooke hospitably urged them to go in and have bread-and-milk. She took the pail from Leshia and they followed her into the house.

The moment they were out of sight Leshia dropped her head on old Brindle's neck and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh, don't; please don't," And there was the least light touch on her beautiful hair, and Dr. Jim picked up her sun-bonnet and handed it to her.

"I came to tell you," he said, "that we did not know you lived here; we stopped by chance. The young ladies wondered if they could not get a glass of milk. It is too bad."

Leshia could not resist the gentle sympathy of his voice. She raised her head and saw tender pity in his kindly dark eyes and wept afresh.

"I thought he would come," she sobbed; "but not in this way."

"Never mind it," he said. "Nothing ever is just as we expect. Disappointment comes to us all." Then, hearing approaching voices, he bounded over the fence and went toward the boat-landing.

Leshia did not upbraid Mrs. Brooke; she was too heart-sore for words. But after she knew they were gone she fled to the other side of the island, where her father found her in an abandonment of grief.

Only the night before she had felt ashamed of his brown checked shirt, his unfashionable hat, and thread-bare Prince Albert coat with the nap worn off the velvet collar. But just then neither purple nor fine linen was comparable to his homely attire. She flung herself into his arms, and he tenderly pressed her tear-stained face to his breast.

"My poor little girl," he said. "Your old father is very sorry for you and for himself. Here is a letter from your Aunt Jane MacGregor. She has arrived at an age, she says, when she realizes that she will soon have no

one to care for her or to come after her, and that if I will let you go to her she will educate and provide for you."

"Say I may go," she pleaded, eagerly.

"It is best," he answered, and the furrows in his face seemed to deepen as he said it, and there was utter hopelessness in his voice.

"I know it is selfish to go and leave you, but I cannot stay here."

Her face crimsoned, and she reached up and tucked the struggling gray locks behind his ears. "I understand," he answered, gravely.

The next week Leshia started on her journey. The Norwoods came over to bid her good-bye, and Mrs. Brooke wept over her.

"I know I ain't refined like you and your pa, but I've always meant to do right by you."

"You always have," returned Leshia, who, as she was leaving home, saw many things differently. "Sometime I hope to do something for you."

The opportunity came, and it was a crucial test, for in the meantime Chesley Kasson and Dr. Jim drifted into her life again. It was two years afterward, at one of Miss MacGregor's receptions. Leshia, fair and stately in shimmering silk and pearls, stood by her side.

"This is Mr. Kasson, an old favorite of mine, Leshia," said Miss MacGregor.

Kasson's nonchalant manner failed him for once. There was surprise in his eyes and voice.

"Do I see Miss MacGregor, of Forget-me-not Island?" he asked.

"No; Miss Brooke, of Boston," coldly replied Leshia, giving him the tips of her fingers with a motion which meant that he was to pass on out of the way.

But by and by she came upon Dr. Colyer, who was standing idly by a tea-table waiting to be presented.

"I knew your face in an instant," he said, "but I do not understand your being here. You see I have been abroad for two years."

Leshia told him the story of her coming.

"I have never forgotten you," she said, shyly; "and I have read with interest of the great and good work you are doing."

After that they were often together. They rode and drove, and she carried flowers to the hospitals in which he was interested. Then came a telegram—Mrs. Brooke was sick; would she come at once?

"I will send your father a cheque and a nurse. You shall not go," declared Miss MacGregor.

"I must go at once," said Leshia, firmly. For there came back to her memory the childish ailments her step-mother had nursed her through. "What would you do?" she asked, turning to Dr. Jim, who stood near.

"I should do as my conscience bade me—as my heart prompted," he replied, gravely.

"She is Quixotic," grumbled Miss MacGregor after she had gone.

"She has a sense of duty," responded Dr. Jim, with a tender light in his eyes.

And one day, a few weeks after, a boat came sailing out of the sunset. It touched at Forget-me-not Island and Dr. Jim, straight and stalwart, went up the narrow path to the little log-house. Leshia stood in the door in her simple black dress, and the doctor took her in his arms.

"I love you," he said. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"You think me brusque and abrupt," he said. "But happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

They kept their happiness where they found it, for the next year there was a beautiful house on Forget-me-not Island—a house with wide verandas, where Professor Brooke, as he was once more called, played endless games of chess with Miss MacGregor, and with great airy chambers, where Dr. Jim brought his convalescent children now and then. Jeanie Norwood thinks she has found her mission in making delicacies for them; Miss Norwood and Chesley Kasson hope to find theirs in the whirl of fashion; but Leshia and Dr. Jim know that they have found their mission in each other.

The Hot Weather in the Tenement Districts.

THE exceptionally hot weather of the present summer has been especially severe in its effects upon the tenement-house population of this city. When it is remembered that in some of the tenement districts as many as half a dozen families are crowded on a single floor, and that there is an entire absence of proper sanitation and of the ordinary comforts of life, it is easy to imagine the deplorable state of the unfortunate inmates. The visitor to some of the streets in this part of the city during the recent hot term would have found hundreds of thousands of men, women and children sprawled in all sorts of attitudes upon the sidewalks, or huddled on

the fire escapes, waiting for a breath of air, and in some cases remaining out-of-doors far into the night. The fire-escapes, or balconies on the faces of most of the houses, are used in some localities as breathing-places in the daytime, and as storage places for beds at night. The *World* thus describes a scene in one of these streets on the last Sunday in July:

"On the stone steps leading to some of the basements, in many of which half-naked men were seen at work stripping tobacco, were cook-stoves, where dishes for the evening repasts were being prepared. Women sat on the low curbs of the gutters with their feet in the mud, nursing babies, and old men, panting with the heat, but in nine cases out of ten wearing heavy and burdensome beards, lay extended in the doorways wherever they could find room to do so. The smoke from the charcoal stoves, the fumes from a thousand pipes, and the odors from decaying vegetables in the gutters, coupled with the murderous rays of a broiling sun, made an atmosphere in which it seemed incredible that human beings should exist."

On another page our artist gives us a glimpse of one of these scenes, which are so common in the congested districts.

Much is being done by public and private charity for the relief of the sufferings of the very poor, young and old, during the summer season. The Fresh-air Funds send thousands of little ones into the cool and pleasant country. Poor mothers with their babes are provided with temporary "outings" at the seaside. Almost daily excursions are given to others of the poorer class by St. John's Guild and other organizations; but with all these efforts in the direction of minimizing the suffering of this unfortunate class, there are tens of thousands to whom little if any relief ever comes save as they find it in escaping from their tawdry and miserable homes into the ampler spaces of the streets along which they are lived.

A Dream.

THERE is going to be a garden

Somewhere underneath the sun,

Sometime in the happy future

"When the hurly burly's done,"

When I'll have the needed leisure

To do everything I please,

And in this delightful garden

I shall work and take my ease.

There I'll cultivate the cabbage,

Turnip, carrot, parsnip, beet,

And the squash and humble pumpkin

Shall in complacency compete.

There shall be a fence around it

That will foil the neighboring fowl,

That the village cows will bawl at

When along the streets they prow!

I shall get up in the morning

In the healthy dawning light,

And while bent on cultivation,

Cultivate an appetite;

I shall toil there in the noonday

Till my hands are hard and brown,

And at eve on my hoe-handle

Lean and watch the sun go down.

But this garden of the future

On no map has yet a place,

Though I certainly shall own it

When I weary of the race;

It shall be a peaceful refuge

Where when troubled I shall flee

Far beyond the city's clamor,

Down beside the lulling sea.

P. McARTHUR.

Animal Revelations.

ANIMALS and birds are known to do extraordinary things when their lives are in imminent danger. At such times they often do more than all the science of man could teach them. The genius of the greatest naturalists has been baffled. For instance, certain animals and fowls in the wild parts of Texas have a curious method of self-preservation after being bitten by rattlesnakes, which there abound. They immediately seek out a certain wild plant, and after eating of it they become cured of the deadly poison. Science has not heretofore known that this plant supplied the antidote to rattlesnake poisoning, so the creatures which have thus sought nature's neutralizer have known more than was contained in the knowledge of men.

It is useless to try to explain this by heredity, or even by previous experience. For, supposing previous experience had existed through their having been previously bitten, how was the knowledge of the neutralizer first acquired? In unnumbered cases of the above kind the reason of man has been entirely halted. The peculiarity of those cases is that the creature, in its dire distress, effort, and necessity, does the right thing for its preservation, and not the wrong; and this, even though that which it does runs counter to every instinct of its wild nature. Records exist of untamed creatures delivering themselves into human hands when their difficulty was beyond their own powers of assistance.

Anthony Villiers, of the United States Navy, and now living in New York on sick leave, gives a curious instance of this. While on board

the United States war-ship *Resaca* on a passage from New Zealand to Valparaiso in 1867 or 1868, he came on deck in the afternoon and found a sea-gull resting on the hammock nettings at the bulwarks. The bird made no attempt to resist capture. Villiers saw that it had a sharp white bone sticking out through its neck from its throat. He carried it down to Dr. T. C. Walton, who was then the assistant surgeon of the ship, and is now resident in Washington. Dr. Walton took his forceps or pincers and pulled out the bone, which was four or five inches long. It proved to be an outer part of a flying-fish's wing. It protruded outward through the neck and lay across the interior of the throat in a way that effectually prevented the bird from eating. They were uncertain as to whether or not the sharp bone came into this position through the gull's attempt to swallow it. From the force that must have been used one may guess that there was a collision in mid-air between the gull and the flying-fish, or that the bird swooped down on the fish to seize it as prey and received injury as a dog who attacks the porcupine.

However, the sea-gull made no resistance. After the operation it was liberated and flew off, being still strong of wing. And the point is this, that the bird during fine weather and in the day-time, and without being exhausted or sick, but rendered more alert by the pangs of hunger, sought self-preservation in a way surely unknown among gulls. The case is the more remarkable when it is considered how untamable a full-grown sea-gull is.

It has been explained that wherever there is brain capable of experiencing an urgent necessity there is also a correspondence of an immaterial kind through which knowledge may be acquired.

How often has the hunter, lost on the prairie, dropped the reins on his horse's neck so that the beast might take him back to the encampment. The horse knows no more than the hunter as to what direction to take; but a certain intuitive faculty in him can make it known when the correspondences of this faculty are forced into action by necessity and passionate sense of need. It is generally believed that the full-blooded American Indian of the older times did not lose his way in the woods. Inclose your dog in a box, and after sending him a hundred miles by rail loose him, and see how soon he will return to his home. An Irish fisherman had a tame seal—an affectionate thing—which became rather a nuisance about the cottage. He sent it away for long distances on board ship, but it always came back through the wide ocean. Then the owner, or some other men among his neighbors, tried a fiendish experiment. They put out the poor creature's eyes and shipped it on a sailing-vessel. When most of the way across the Atlantic the seal was dropped overboard. It was now unable to procure food, being blind. But it reached home, and one morning was found lying at the door of the cottage, dead from starvation.

Now, all these occurrences must have an explanation. Scientists have attributed them to "heredity" or "homing instinct." These words are mere bluffs. They might as well try to explain them by astrology. Of what use is "homing instinct" to a blind seal in trackless waters? It is only by going deeper into the principles of nature that the explanation of these matters may be hoped for.

STINSON JARVIS.

Vignettes of the Day.

ONE of the most interesting men in New York is Seth Low. The president of Columbia College is no ordinary man. Young, well-born, well-educated, enormously wealthy, he is as



SETH LOW.

busy as any man in the great city these days, helping those who may need help. He works as hard as any professor in his college. His voice is ever raised for all that is good in public affairs, no matter how the political "bosses" may

like it. He has time to write for the newspapers and magazines. He is a sturdy pillar in Dr. Rainsford's big church, and there, every Sunday morning, he leads the largest Bible class for young men held in any of the city churches. He lectures now and then, and often speaks to gatherings of young men who stand in need of just such friendly advice as he can give them. He is prominent in all gatherings of literary men, and, in fact, he is to the fore in all movements to advance the public good. Mr. Low is a man of fine executive abilities, and at one time he seemed to be a likely candidate for Governor of this State, but, unfortunately, he was too independent for the bosses, and so he was pushed aside for men with easier consciences.

John S. T.

Stranahan is still the "first citizen" of Brooklyn, but the second without doubt is St. Clair McKelway. He is the editor of the *Eagle*, and one of the most influential editorial writers in this country. His winning fight against McKane and the Brooklyn ring deservedly lifted him into the greatest prominence. He is a forceful writer, and, I think, writes better English than most editors, and he has besides a wonderful command of language. He is a juggler with words. He is a writer of fine phrases and, caustic ones as well. He is a delightful after-dinner speaker, witty, pathetic, and convincing. His stories are always good. He gives Depew, Choate, and Porter a good brush for oratorical honors. Mr. McKelway is a regent of the University of the State, a hater of shams and frauds, and a fighter every minute of the day. His prominence is due solely to himself. He is a student, a thinker, and a tireless worker, and in this is summed up much that goes to make men great and powerful.

One of the New York lawyers said to be making a fortune is John E. Parsons. This may seem a strange statement to many, for the name of John E. Parsons figures but little in newspaper reports of trials. And, strange as it may seem, too, it is because his name so rarely appears in connection with an open case in court that his income is so great. The fact of the matter is that it is this lawyer's ability to keep cases out of court that makes him valuable and high-priced. There is a good deal more money in some quiet office cases than in those that call for a display of forensic exercise in a court. As an instance of this, it is said that Mr. Parsons received more than fifty thousand dollars for drawing the charter of the big Sugar trust, to say nothing of what he afterward was paid for defending it. Parsons is said to make one hundred thousand dollars a year and over, and yet when I saw him in a New York court last, there were some young sprigs of the law who did not know who the quiet-mannered advocate was until an officer had given them the information. On the street Mr. Parsons would pass unrecognized, save by some other legal light.

A very deceiving man, in appearance, is this great lawyer. When you see him in court you see a man of ordinary height and build, attired in clothes of good material, but of a make that suggests an old-fashioned tailor. He wears gray side whiskers, neatly arranged. He has a sweet smile and is courteous in the extreme. It is when he is most courteous that a witness on the stand must needs look to himself, for then it is the scimitar of Saladin, and not the two-handed sword of Richard that is being deftly wielded. Mr. Parsons is never discourteous, and never loses his temper. He is so very suave and gentle and pleasant in his way of arguing, that it seems a pity to disagree with him. He sticks to all the old forms, in the way of deferring to the court, but he does not go so far as to fail to take exceptions to its rulings when they do not suit, and it is amusing to note the courteous insistency with which he will try and compel a judge to rule in his favor on every doubtful point. One never hears of Mr. Parsons in New York as you do of Joseph H. Choate or Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, or other great lawyers. He belongs to one or two of the more conservative clubs, but in a general sense is not a club-man. Mr. Parsons is, in all respects, one of the best types of the old-school lawyers of the highest order to be found anywhere.

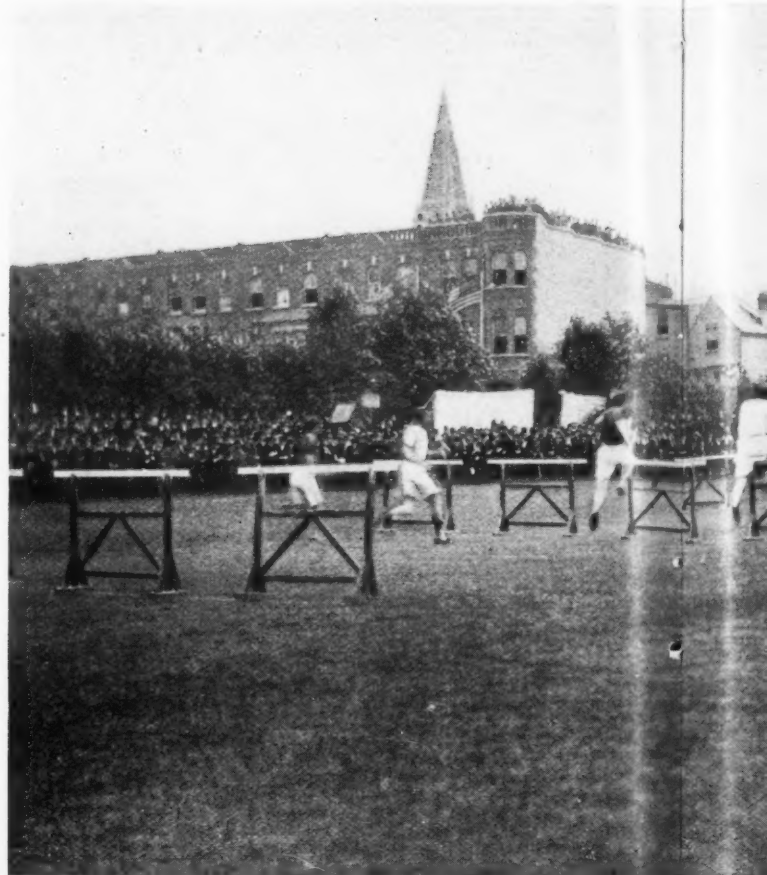
FOSTER COATES.



CAPTAIN HICKOK ABOUT TO THROW THE HAMMER.



L. P. SHELDON (YALE) ABOUT TO START FOR BROAD JUMP.



THE HURDLE RACE—JUST BEFORE E. A. CADY (YALE)



W. J. Oakley (Oxford).

Wilkinson.

E. A. Cady (Yale).

T. G. Scott (Oxford).

D. B. Hatch (Yale).

START OF HURDLE RACE.

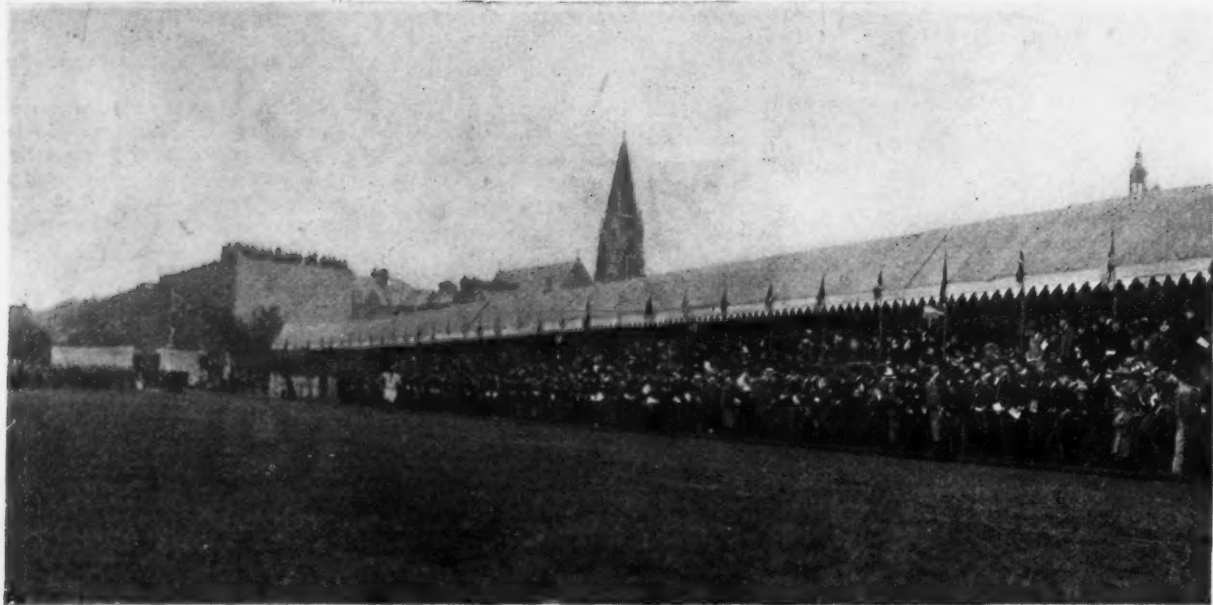


G. F. Sanford (Yale).

G. Jordan (Oxford).

A.

START OF QUARTER-MILE RACE.



THE FINISH IN THE ONE-MILE RACE—W. H. GREENHOW (OXFORD) COMING DOWN STRETCH.



W. H. Greenhow (Oxford).

J. E. MORGAN (Yale).

THE START IN THE M

"Something like the dignity not only of an international, but of an historical, event attaches to the gallant contest waged at the Queen's Club, South Kensington, between Yale and Oxford. It is the first tournament of strength and skill between the young men of America and England. We hope the contest will somehow be made periodical and regular. We should like to see it established as a tradition of Harvard and Yale. The prize should remain what it is to-day, one of pure honor unstained by any idea of profit, though we do not know why there should not be an

THE YALE-OXFORD ATHLETIC GAMES ON THE QUEEN'S CLUB GRO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE AG



ORE E. A. CADY (YALE) FELL.



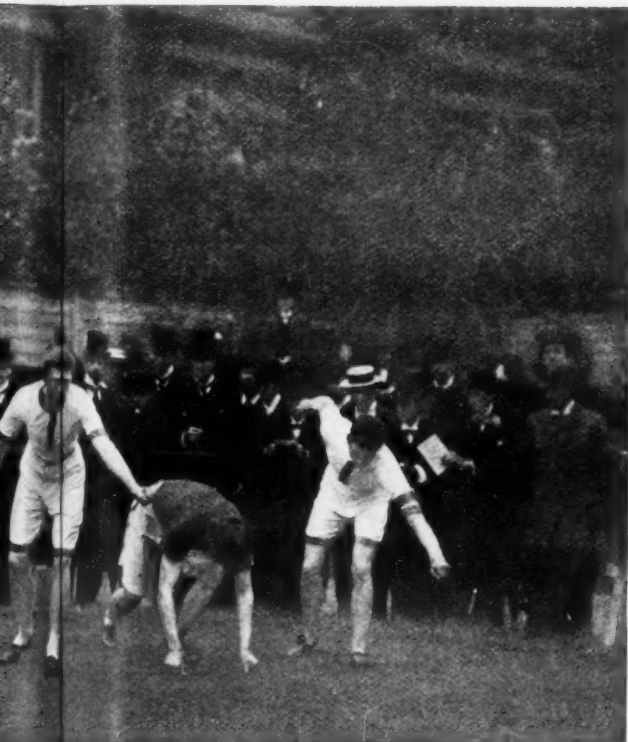
L. P. SHELDON (YALE) IN MIDDLE OF LONG JUMP, 22 FEET 11 INCHES.



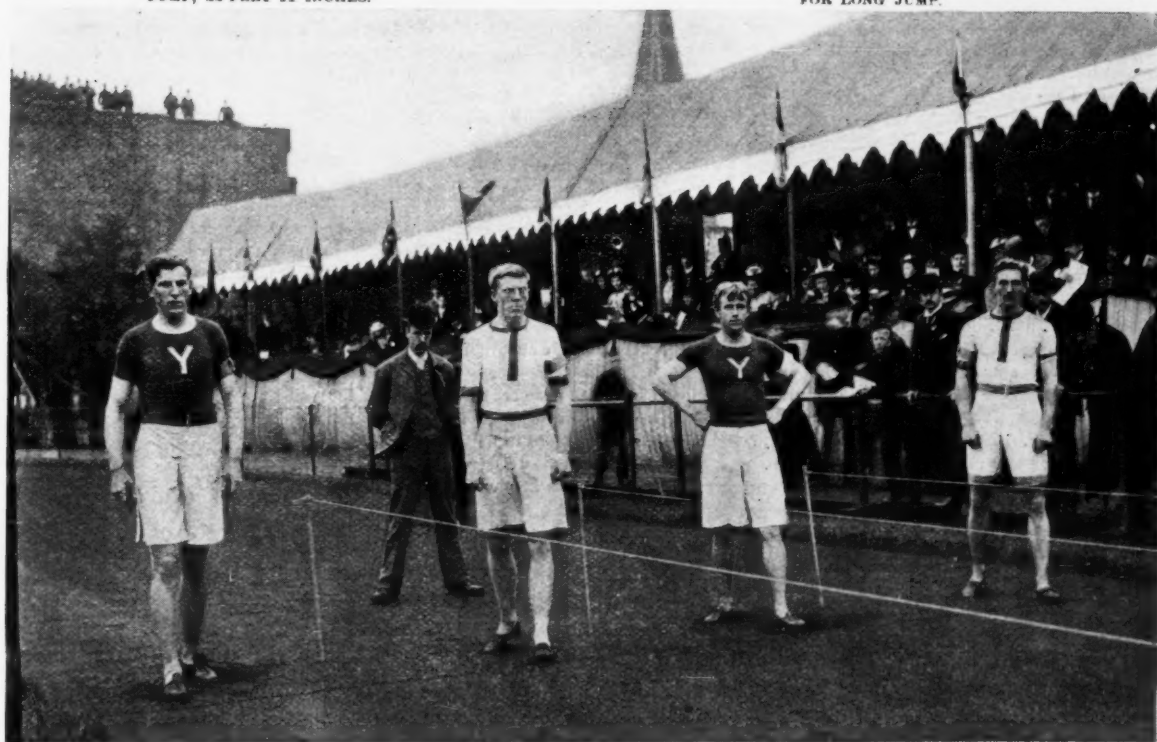
G. W. ROBERTSON (OXFORD) ABOUT TO THROW HAMMER.



C. B. FRY (OXFORD) ABOUT TO TAKE HIS RUN FOR LONG JUMP.



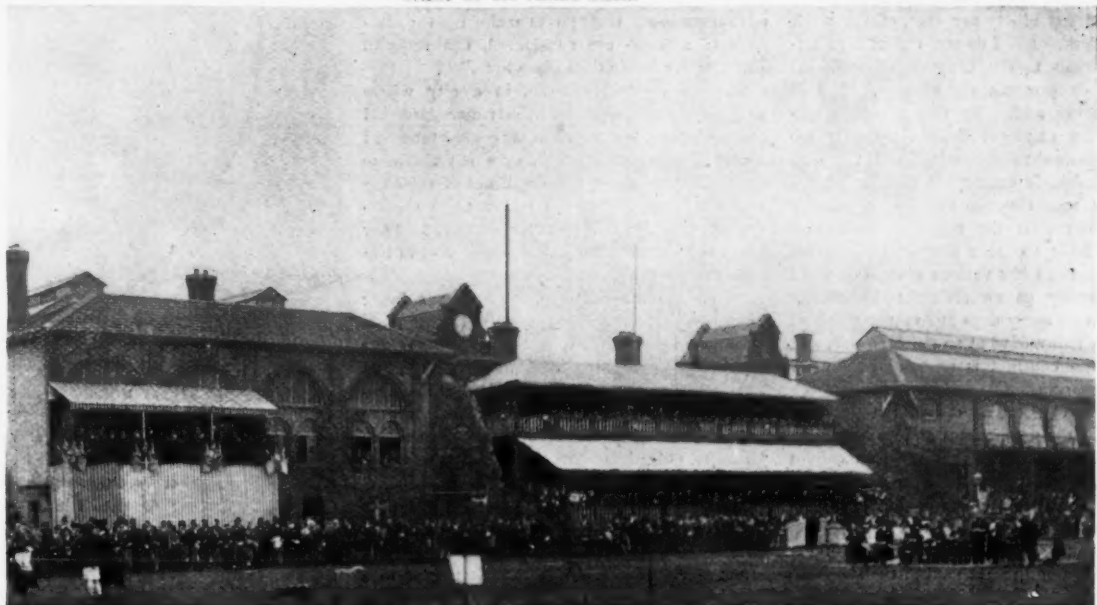
Jordan (Oxford). A. Pond (Yale). L. K. Bykes (Oxford).
QUARTER-MILE RACE.



G. F. Sanford (Yale). G. Jordan (Oxford). A. Pond (Yale). C. B. Fry (Oxford).
START OF 100-YARDS DASH.



J. E. Moran (Yale). G. M. Hildyard (Oxford).
THE START IN THE MILE RACE.



GRAND-STAND AND PAVILION AT QUEEN'S CLUB GROUND ON THE DAY OF THE CONTEST.

Oxford. It is the first time since the Olympiads closed that the world has seen anything so Greek, so manly, so becoming to the friendly but rival branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, as this to see established as a fixture, either triennial or annual, or, perhaps, a still better struggle would be between picked men of Oxford and Cambridge as against a similar combination there should not be an international crown, presented by the two governments, and to be suspended in the university which carried it off"—*London Daily Telegraph*.

CLUB GROUNDS, AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, ENGLAND, JULY 16th.

REPRESENTATIVE ACCOMPANYING THE YALE TEAM.

WORK AND WAGES AT PULLMAN.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE
PULLMAN CAR COMPANY.

VICE-PRESIDENT WICKES of the Pullman Palace Car Company, although expressing the opinion that the statement made by his chief in New York on the 12th instant should be considered sufficient for the information of the public, was finally induced by a representative of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** to discuss the question of the wages of the Pullman workmen through their general manager, Mr. George F. Brown. Perhaps "discussion" is not the proper word, as the Pullman Company will neither arbitrate nor discuss at the present time, nor do they, I should add, recognize as their workmen the artisans and laborers who left their employment in May last. The company have, however, consented to express their views somewhat more at length, for the purpose of removing, if possible, what they regard as the prejudices and errors of the public mind upon the subject of the causes of the strike which has come nearer than any other labor trouble in this country to causing a widespread insurrection of workmen in this country. I will try to give the statement of the Pullman general manager as nearly as possible in his own language:

"The labor question at Pullman is really a very simple one. We were treating the men fairly and even generously, and there was no complaint until these labor troubles grew up on the outside and spread until they dragged in our men. I do not think there would have been any difficulty if it had not been for agitators on the outside. We were paying the men last year higher wages than were paid in any other car-shops, either contract or company shops, in the country."

"Just what were these wages?"

"To go back to the early part of the year—say a year from the beginning of these troubles—our books show that we were paying, exclusive of salaried officers, an average of \$2.20 per day to all wage-earners, including women and boys. Many, you understand, received considerable less, and some much more."

"What were the actual wages paid to a certain number of men for the entire year's work?"

"That is, I will grant, a fair question, but I have not the data to answer it with exactness. The number of men did not, however, vary greatly during the year, and the amount of lost time was not large. In May, 1894, the average wages was \$1.85 per day. Common laborers were paid from \$1.30 to \$3.50 per day, quite a number as high as \$3, and upward of a thousand earned \$2 per day and over."

"What is included in the term laborer?"

"The terms laborer and skilled mechanic are arbitrary expressions. A laborer may handle tools, as the men who tend the trip-hammer, and many others in the foundry but the skilled mechanic should have constructive ability—head work as well as hand work. Of these we had a far smaller number than is commonly supposed."

"What proportion of the work done at Pullman was piece work, and what regular day wages work?"

"I should say ninety per cent. of the work was piece work. No, I do not regard it as unfair, or injurious to the interests of the good workman. It protects the employer and is equitable to the men. By the day-work system, as every employer knows, there is too much temptation to soldiering, and the boss must be constantly urging his men, or watching, at least, that they do not lose time. By the piece-work plan the superintendent, who knows just what the men can do, takes a job and figures it out in its various classes of work just as carefully as an architect makes his plans. It is so many days at so much a day at this, and so many days at so much at this, and so on, and the contract is taken and the work given out accordingly."

"But it is claimed, as one of the principal grievances of the men, that the jobs are calculated at so low a figure that the men cannot earn the wages at which they are rated, often not by half, and that no man is allowed to exceed his rated wages. Is this true?"

"Not at all. The jobs are figured on the basis of the rate of wages paid in the shops, so much a day, or so much an hour—twenty cents, thirty cents, or whatever it is—and the men are paid on that basis. It is true, of course, that as the job is finished there may be some difference. It is given out, you understand, at a certain figure, say five hundred dollars. Toward the end of the job it may be found that the men will earn somewhat less than their rating, while on the other hand, if they earn much more

it will show that the superintendent has made an error in his calculations, and he will be careful not to do so a second time. But whatever was the price agreed upon for the job it is paid, and the men may finish it as soon as they please, consistent with good workmanship. There have been instances where men have made seventy-five or one hundred per cent. above their rated pay, but, as I have said, this shows that the job has been sold too cheaply."

"Are these jobs or contracts compulsory with the men at the figures named by the bosses?"

"No. They are offered to the men for their acceptance. It is a sale of work. The men of the shop talk it over with the boss, and haggle over it, as over any other bargain, and any man refuse to work upon it if he chooses. That is his privilege. Of course there is generally more or less kicking; the men do not want to sell their labor too cheap, and the company is careful not to buy it too dear. But once made, the company sticks by its bargain, and the men have the privilege of making the best they can out of it. And I want to say here that when these men struck, on May 10th last, ninety per cent. of them were working at piece-work at an agreed price for the job, and in laying down their tools as they did they violated their contracts. I may add that there may be individual cases of hardship, real or apparent, but there will always be. The poor workman drags behind. He does not 'keep up his end.' He loses time and he loses jobs, and so he finds himself at pay-day with an unsatisfactory pay-check. But the good workman has, I repeat, no cause for complaint."

On the wall hung a large copy of Bateman's picture entitled "Nothing venture, nothing have"—a little terrier warily calculating his chance of stealing a bone from a big mastiff who had just finished his dinner. As I looked at the picture I could not but hope that the little dog would get the bone.

"Now, on the question of rents. This is, practically, a part of the question of wages, especially here, where the company deducts a certain portion of the wages for rent. It is claimed that the rents in Pullman are exorbitant."

"It is, perhaps, sufficient answer to that assertion, that of the eighteen hundred tenements in Pullman (using the word in its sense of apartments for a family, whether in separate houses or not) three hundred and fifty were unoccupied in the spring of 1894."

"It is said that compulsion or moral suasion is used by the bosses and officials to compel the men to occupy dwellings in Pullman; that otherwise they would live in Kensington, Roseland, or some neighboring suburb, where they can get homes more to their liking."

"So far is this from true that we have several hundred living in Pullman from choice, whose occupation is entirely unconnected with the Pullman works. Properly considered, when the environment is taken into account; when the sewerage and all the sanitary and aesthetic advantages—all that go to make up the comforts of a home are considered, the rents in Pullman are lower than elsewhere."

The sanitary advantages, in a city where they were habitually and utterly disregarded, I acknowledged, but the aesthetic considerations, I was compelled to observe, were not visible to the naked eye about the dwellings of the common workman. Was the return upon the investment, as figured by the company, 3.82 per cent., calculated upon any unusual cost in the construction of the buildings?

"No. On the contrary, the buildings, being erected a large number at a time, and upon economical principles, were cheap. This return was made upon actual cost and expenses, in a fair, business-like method. Moreover, instances were not rare where householders made a large portion of their rent by sub-letting rooms to boarders, only thirty-five per cent. of the workmen being themselves renters."

"But did not this make rooms come high to young men who were, presumably, saving up money for a home?"

"Not necessarily. What did it matter to a young fellow earning twelve to eighteen dollars a week if he paid three to four dollars for a room? They were not as a rule a saving class. These houses are warm and comfortable, and supplied with water and every necessary convenience. Indeed, they cannot be compared to the balloon frame houses outside."

"Were the rents at all reduced with the cutting of wages?"

"No, it was not considered necessary. The rents had been carefully computed upon the lowest reasonable return upon the investment, as I have said. They were originally placed at a lower figure, but had been advanced with the introduction of improvements and the growth of the town. There was no reasonable call for their reduction. Let me state right here that the renting of the houses is an entirely separate part of the Pullman enterprise. It was adopted as a necessity, on account of the employment of so many workmen and a desire to give them every advantage which a careful study of the conditions of the workman's life could suggest. There is nothing compulsory about it. A workman may live in Pullman or outside, as he sees fit. Indeed, it is our policy to encourage the purchase of homes by our workmen, though for obvious reasons we cannot sell our own lands and houses. It makes them steadier and gives them an interest here. When it came to laying off men last summer, the rule was to give work wherever possible to men with families and those who had a home to pay for."

"Another thing, I wish to state expressly that the company has no interest whatever in the stores. There are a number of stores conducted by parties who pay a rental to the company but have no other connection with it, and these are patronized as a matter of convenience. Of the three million dollars paid out in labor and salaries in Pullman, not a cent is spent by the men at the stores in Pullman."

"The company owns some thirty-five hundred acres of unimproved land surrounding the town of Pullman. Why cannot this or a portion of it be subdivided, and a system adopted by which the workmen may acquire homes of their own?"

"For many reasons this is impracticable. This land has been reserved, not, as many suppose, for its simple rise in value as land, but

against necessities which may arise in the future for sites for other manufacturing enterprises, or for the extension of our own plant. It would not do to go to subdividing and selling just where in a few years a large tract would be required for some big manufacturing plant."

I did not ask the general manager if any plans were under consideration for a modification of the piece-work system or a reduction of the rents and the water and gas rates, for I knew it would be useless. I did ask, however, to be allowed to copy the plans of the model houses for the benefit of those who had not yet learned their advantages, but I found the plans were unobtainable.

It is not my purpose to criticize the statements of the Pullman manager any more than the statements of the employé, only in the latter case I could take the evidence of the rent receipts and of the foot-rule. There is a divergence, ocean wide, between the rosy statements of the Pullman officials and the angry complaints of the men.

"If self the wavering balance shakes
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

But I can scarcely believe that these men, who have borne the reputation of being among the most intelligent in America, should revolt, at so unpropitious a period as this, out of a mere midsummer madness, and should be yet, ten weeks after the strike, in the face of ruin and defeat, practically unanimous against returning to work without some concessions to their demands. No more important labor disagreement than this has occurred in the United States, and the Federal commission soon to undertake its consideration in Chicago will have no easy task in arriving at a solution of the difficulty. Let us hope that while it will look to the protection of capital it will also sustain the dignity of American labor.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Satolli's Anti-saloon Manifesto.

As was to be expected, the recent decision of Monsignor Satolli, confirming the action of Bishop Watterson in prohibiting the admission of saloon-keepers as members of Catholic societies has produced a very profound sensation. This decision is the logical sequence of the policy laid down by the Third Plenary Council, held in Baltimore in 1885, which called upon all Roman Catholics to abandon the liquor traffic as a pernicious pursuit, and adopt "some more becoming way of making a living." That manifesto, however, not being absolute in

because of the method by which they earn their living. They object, also, that the bishop's decision makes no distinction between those who conduct their business with a due regard for law and propriety and those who are merely keepers of dives and low resorts.

So far, Archbishop Corrigan has given no sign as to what he proposes to do in the matter, but many Catholic societies have already declared their purpose to act up fully to the standard laid down. One of these is the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, another



MONSIGNOR SATOLLI, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.
Copyrighted photograph by C. M. Bell.

terms, seems to have commanded comparatively little attention from those to whom it was addressed. Monsignor Satolli now gives emphasis and force to the principle thus enunciated, making obedience to it obligatory upon all good Catholics. In some of the more populous cities of the country this action has aroused not protest merely, but active antagonism. In this city, for instance, there seems to be a disposition among Catholics engaged in the liquor business to resent it as an unwarrantable interference with a legitimate pursuit. They insist that, being for the most part liberal supporters of the church and conscientious members of it, it is indefensible that they should be ostracized

is the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, which has taken a positive stand against the admission of liquor-dealers. Meanwhile the organs of the liquor interest are denouncing the action of Monsignor Satolli with great vehemence and vindictiveness. They are frank enough to admit that its strict enforcement would be a tremendous blow to the liquor trade. Thus the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, of this city, says that "fully two-thirds, if not more, of the retail liquor-dealers of the country are Roman Catholics." The *Gazette* apparently believes that Archbishop Corrigan will not dare to enforce in letter and spirit the decree of the papal delegate, and intimates in so many words that au

effort in that direction would be attended with serious consequences to the church. As the case now stands, it seems hardly likely that the new rule will be generally observed in this and other Eastern States, at least until some official expression is given by the heads of the church.

The general effect of the decree, however, cannot be otherwise than salutary. It is, to say the least, a vast gain that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States should assume so pronounced an attitude toward the saloon, which is the unquestioned source of a larger brood of evils than come from any other single origin.

The Wisconsin Gubernatorial Contest.

THE Republicans of Wisconsin have not only placed themselves on a sound and invincible platform, but they have nominated a candidate for Governor who measures up to the highest standard of equipment. Major William H. Upham, their nominee, is in the prime of life, having been born in 1841. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union army and served with distinction, in one engagement being severely wounded and reported killed. He is one of the few men who, being yet alive, have had their funeral sermons preached. This was done in the town from which he enlisted, when the report of his death was received. On his release from Libby prison, whither he was taken when wounded, he was appointed as cadet by President Lincoln in recognition of valuable services in obtaining important information while a prisoner, and was graduated from West Point in 1866. Being appoint-



MAJOR WILLIAM H. UPHAM.

ed second lieutenant of the Fifth United States Artillery, stationed at Fortress Monroe, he was guard officer over Jefferson Davis after his capture. After some years of service in the regular army he resigned and entered upon business pursuits in Wisconsin, turning his attention to the lumber industry. Locating in Marshfield in 1870, when the town was yet a wilderness, he built mills and established other important industries. In 1887 the place was swept by a devastating fire. Major Upham caused a flag to be raised over the burned site, and announced that he would rebuild on a much larger scale than before, and this he immediately did, prosecuting his enterprises with such indomitable energy that the town is now one of the important cities of Wisconsin. Major Upham is identified with financial and other institutions, and was for a time mayor of Marshfield. In 1891 he was State commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is a man of cleanly life and marked executive ability. Those who know him believe that he will lead his party to complete success in the canvass upon which he has entered.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE CORPAN TROUBLES.

THE Japanese have so far maintained a distinct advantage in the hostilities in Corea. The Chinese have crossed the northwestern frontier with a considerable body of troops, but one of their war-ships has been captured by the Japanese, and two of their transports, one of them with seventeen hundred men on board, have been sunk while attempting to effect a landing. Japan has summoned her army and navy reserves into service, and there is great popular enthusiasm in support of the war. China, on the other hand, has purchased great quantities of ammunition, and is in other ways apparently preparing for vigorous action. The English press almost unanimously declares Japan to be the aggressor in the conflict, while leading German journals express a directly opposite opinion. All the Powers seem anxious to avert hostilities, and are using their influence to that end. The Korean king is reported to be a captive in the

hands of the Japanese. Our picture shows a scene in the streets of Seoul, the capital, during the passage of the king's procession, at which time all doors and windows are carefully closed. Not only is it treason to mention the king's name, but he is invisible to his people—a veritable hermit.

THE PLAGUE IN CHINA.

Late reports from China give the number of deaths from the plague in the Canton district alone as 120,000. The greatest consternation prevails among the people. Business is almost suspended. Heathen processions march constantly through the streets throughout the night, pounding gongs, exploding fire-crackers, exposing idols and other similar doings, supported by contributions from the shops and stores, to propitiate the evil spirits and to disperse the adverse elements. In Hong-Kong the same mummeries are practiced, and the efforts of the British authorities to introduce sanitary methods "are everywhere hampered by the natives, who resent any intrusion on their privacy or interference with their burial customs. Official sanitary officers who, at the risk of their lives attempt to inspect the houses in the native quarter of the city, are so frequently received with volleys of stones that it has been found necessary to protect them with police.

A MEMORIAL TO KEATS.

A memorial to the poet Keats has recently been erected by some of his American admirers in Hampstead Parish Church, England, as a gift to the English people. The bust of the poet stands on a square base of white marble to the right-hand side of the chancel, and on the base is written, in gilt letters: "To the everlasting memory of John Keats this monument is erected by Americans. MDCCCXCIV." The head is modeled from a portrait taken in the lifetime of the poet, and gives an expression of calm reverie to the massive features framed in thick, curling hair. "Hampstead was chosen as the most fitting place for the memorial, as there Keats spent some of the happiest and some of the saddest years of his life, and there he wrote many of his poems." The *Graphic* considers it by no means creditable to England that it was left to Americans to erect the first memorial of the distinguished poet.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE.

THE story of the Oxford-Yale match has already reached the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY through the columns of the public press, but perhaps some further comments may be interesting. It had been expected that an enormous crowd would witness the games from the fact that all the reserved seats were sold a week before the date of the match, and this expectation would doubtless have been fully realized, for even in spite of the cold rain which lasted all day, up to about five in the afternoon, there were eight thousand spectators. The interest and enthusiasm kept on increasing as event after event was contested and decided, and finally culminated in the deciding event, the half-mile run, which was last on the programme. When Oxford was seen to have won this, the crowd surged upon the field and the phlegmatic Englishmen went as wildly crazy as American college men are wont to do after an athletic victory.

The condition of the track, which was soggy and heavy in the extreme, must be taken into account when considering the times of the races, and the winners must be credited with better performances than the watch showed. The Yale team was an excellent one, but that which represented Oxford was better. It would be unfair to Oxford to attempt to explain away her victory by referring to the fact that the Yale men were competing away from home and under novel conditions; the Yale men understood thoroughly what they were undertaking, did the best they could, and met defeat after a hard struggle.

The treatment they received during their stay in England was most cordial. Sir Richard Webster, the eminent barrister, who presided at the dinner given by the Sports Club the evening of the match, spoke most truly when he said that the pluck shown by the Yale men in crossing the ocean to meet their English cousins was only equalled by the hospitality with which the English cousins had received them. It is very much to be hoped that Oxford or Cambridge will follow the example set by Yale, and that international contests, not only in track athletics but also in rowing, may be brought about. The ocean trip is not a long one, and we can promise them as hearty a greeting and as fair a contest as they gave the representatives of Yale University.

The New York Yacht Club.



Just fifty years ago, on July 30th, 1844, the New York Yacht Club, the foremost yachting organization in the United States, came into existence on board Mr. John C. Stevens's schooner-yacht *Gimcrack*, which then happened to be anchored off the Battery. Here Mr. Stevens, who had been interested in yachting for half a century, conceived and executed the idea that the persons who were interested in sailing boats for pastime needed a separate organization, and early in July of that year he sent personal letters to a number of his friends who were interested in boating, and asked them to meet him on board the *Gimcrack* on the afternoon of July 30th.

Nine gentlemen responded to his call, and out of this modest beginning sprang the New York Yacht Club of to-day, with a membership of 1,050 and over three hundred yachts, representing a value interest of \$15,000,000.

The first cruise of the club was made to Newport, Rhode Island, in the month following its organization. The yachts represented at that meeting were the following: *Gimcrack*, John C. Stevens; *Spray*, Hamilton Wilkes; *Cygnel*, William Edgar; *La Coquille*, John C. Jay; *Dream*, George L. Schuyler; *Mist*, Louis A. Depaw; *Mimna*, James M. Waterbury; *Petrel*, George B. Rollins; *Ida*, Captain Rogers.

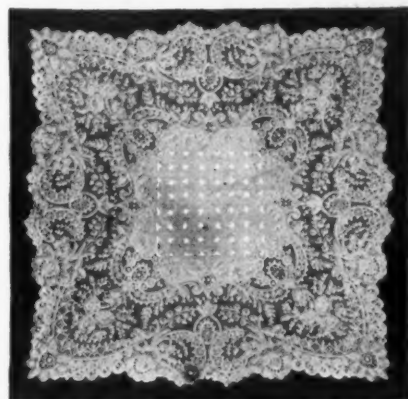
Some months ago the officers and members of the club decided to celebrate its semi-centennial. At first it was thought that it would be a good plan for the club's magnificent fleet to assemble in the Horseshoe and hold a monster marine parade. This was found to be impracticable, as the majority of the yachts were up the sound, and the owners objected to bringing them through Hell Gate for one day. It was decided, therefore, to have an informal reception at the club-house, 67 Madison Avenue, on Monday evening, July 30th, to which were invited the officers of every yachting organization in the country. In addition to the reception, and to please the yacht owners, it was decided to hold a big regatta on the sound, off Glen Cove, on Monday, August 6th. The reception was largely attended, and was a most enjoyable affair. At the regatta there were special races for semi-centennial cups, and these were preliminary to the annual cruise of the club, which is now in progress.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.

Our Lady's Kerchief.

A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.



With the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-

nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.

Hints about Whist.

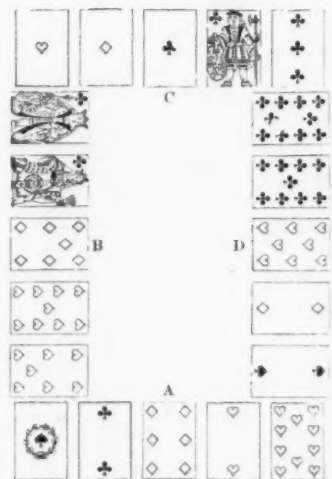
THE distinctive difference between modern whist and the old-style game as taught by Father Hoyle, is that the new-school players tend to build the game upon what Proctor would term "the lines of the exact sciences." Instead of playing upon individual responsibility the modern theory is to combine forces and play in harmony with your partner's card, just as if the two hands were one; to acquire and impart information by the fall of the cards, just as if every play was an intelligible sentence in the language of the game.

When you play a card, no matter at what stage of the game, you are supposed to endow it with all the whist knowledge you are able to impart. It may seem strange that when you have to lead a low card, or discard when you cannot follow suit, it can make so much difference what the card may say.

The original lead, or first card played, is probably the most important point in the game, as affording an opportunity to say so much by the fall of one card. Every hand must have one "long suit" of four or more cards, and the modern play is to exhaust trumps so as to bring in that long suit, with the partner's aid. The original lead should, therefore, be "the fourth best card of the longest suit." The play of the first card, therefore, says, "Partner, this is my long suit and I have three better than this one."

Next in importance to the original lead is probably his first discard. There are two distinct discards, same as two distinct leads, original and forced. In one you discard so as to say, "Partner, this card which I select to throw away is from my poorest suit, so you must not expect much assistance from me in it." If, however, the adversaries have led trumps, which signals the opening of the battle, then you discard in such a way as to say, "Partner, this card is to tell you that the best strength of my hand is in the suit of which this one is the lowest."

A good player will always discard so as to abandon the command of his partner's long suit, therefore, strange as it may seem, there are times when you should throw away an ace, king or queen, as well as a superfluous trump. The battle is generally for the winning of one trick, and, as a rule, occurs in the playing of the last five cards. By way of illustration take the following problem, which shows the finish of a game:



Spades are trumps. A and C are partners and can readily take four tricks, but by the best play can win all five. How is it done?

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.



HON. W. L. WILSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE, APPEALS TO THE HOUSE TO STAND FIRM IN ITS OPPOSITION TO THE SENATE BILL. (MR. WILSON CAME TO THE HOUSE SERIOUSLY ILL, AND SPOKE WITH HIS HEAD WRAPPED IN A HANDKERCHIEF.)



SENATOR GORMAN ATTACKS THE PRESIDENT.

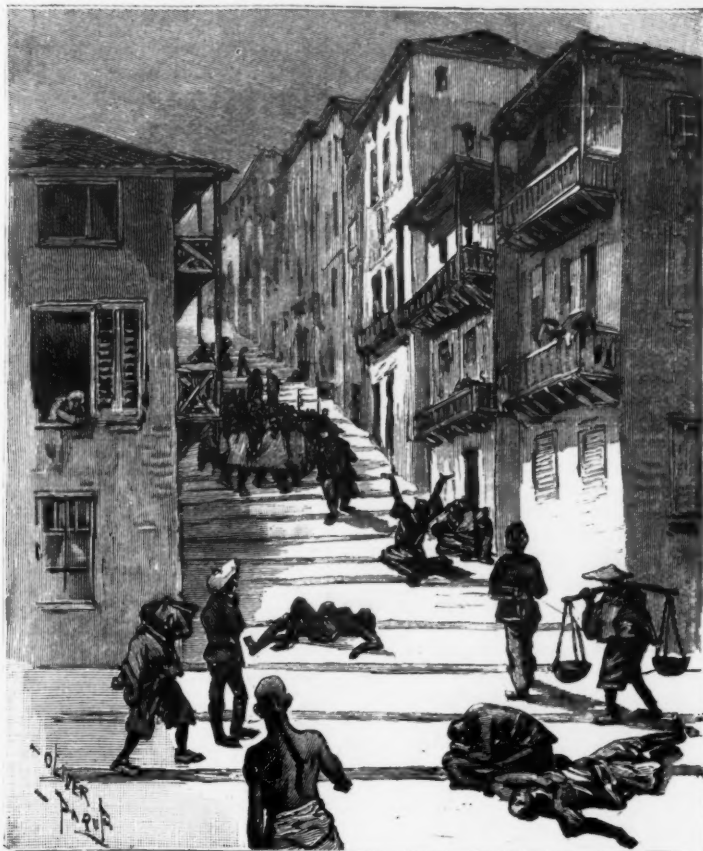


SENATOR HILL COMES TO THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENSE.

THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF WAR IN CONGRESS.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.
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THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.
London Graphic.



VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE IN HONG-KONG, CHINA, LYING IN THE STREETS.
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THE WAR IN COREA—THE KING'S PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL.—*London Graphic.*



UNVEILING THE BUST OF KEATS, THE GIFT OF AMERICAN ADMIRERS,
IN HAMPSTEAD PARISH CHURCH, ENGLAND.
London Graphic.



THE OBSERVATORY OF M. JANSSEN ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.—*L'Illustration.*

An Era of Money-making.

It is safe to say that we are now on the eve of great speculation in stocks, bonds, and grain—if that era has not already begun—and it is a pity that any one with a desire to speculate should lack the information necessary to do so with intelligence, and therefore with success.

It is well to know where to go for both information and opportunity, and it would not be difficult to direct inquirers to hundreds of places at any one of which they would be treated with fairness and consideration. But to the general public there can be no better advice than to obtain a copy of the "Manual and Guide to Investors," issued by the well-known bankers, Haight & Freese, 53 Broadway, New York. This manual will be sent free to all who apply for it, and they will find that it contains, in terms so plain that any one can understand the meaning, information and explanations which make Wall Street as clear to the vision as a hillside meadow in the month of May. Its operations are all cleared up, and the housewife, after studying this book a little while, can sit in her kitchen porch and discuss shop orders, short sales, straddles, puts and calls, with the clearness of a veteran sojourner on the pavements of New Street. In addition to this special information the manual will inform a reader that Messrs. Haight & Freese will execute discretionary orders and give to clients the benefit of their twenty years of successful experience. As these bankers will execute an order to buy or sell as small as ten shares of stock at a time, a client can send as low as fifty dollars as margin, and have filled an order at the discretion of the house. But for those who know exactly what they want to do the firm will also act and execute orders on a margin of from three to five per cent. for from ten shares up. They also deal in wheat, pork, and other food products, and in cotton, under similar conditions. Customers out of town will learn from the manual that they can send telegraph messages ordering purchases or sales without expense to themselves. This feature of the business of the banking firm can be made of great advantage to those living away from the city. Another feature is worthy of comment. According to the old method of transacting stock speculations orders for less than one hundred shares were not filled, and the brokers required a margin of ten per cent. Under such circumstances a person with less than one thousand dollars to venture was kept out of the market. Now it is well known that very frequently the judgment of the comparatively poor man is as good as that of the millionaire. But if he had not so large a sum to venture as that just mentioned his judgment was of no use to him and went to waste. Through these bankers such a man can operate according to his means, and have the satisfaction of proving his judgment good. It is well to know these things, and therefore the public attention is called to them.

In the manual there is one chapter, "Short Rules for Traders," which should be pasted in the hat of every operator, and coned over and over again till the rules be learned by heart. Here are some of the rules:

- "After extreme weakness buy stocks.
- "Let profits run; limit all losses.
- "Begin to buy when prices are dull and weak.
- "Learn to take a loss quickly."

But there is not space to quote extensively from these admirable rules, which are the neatly-formulated expression of the experience of a firm of bankers active in this business for more than twenty years, and with a clientele larger, perhaps, than that of any other similar house in New York.

Mr. I. M. Freese, of the firm of Haight & Freese, in a recent interview, said:

"There are many stocks and bonds quoted now at panic prices, at from \$5 to \$50 per \$100 share, which, if bought judiciously by the shrewd investor, will net their owner thousands of dollars in profits.

"Take Missouri, Kansas and Texas common and preferred for example; also the second bonds. The common stocks are selling for about \$14 for \$100; the preferred, about \$22 for \$100; the second bonds, upon which four per cent. is obligatory after the present month, and which sell at \$420 for \$1,000. These are gilt-edged for the prices. On a margin of five per cent. one hundred shares, representing \$10,000 par value of the stocks, can be bought for \$500. They cannot fall, if at all, but very little below present prices in any event, while with the very first blush of business recovery they will rapidly advance, and every dollar of advance clears \$100 profit to the purchaser of each hundred shares.

"The same holds good with Atchison securities, Texas Pacific, Richmond Terminal, Reading, Union Pacific, and Northern Pacific. Five hundred shares of these stocks can now be bought for the money formerly required to buy one hundred shares.

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"It takes courage, perhaps, to buy when the storm has just passed, but the rewards of this life go to those who combine caution and courage. After the panic of 1873, after the railway riots at Pittsburgh in 1877, after the disturbances of 1884, I relied on the strength of our institutions, American enterprise and natural resources. My reliance has never been misplaced. Repeated experiences and the knowledge that comes with a third of a century's acquaintance with American finance tell me unmistakably that now is the time to make a judicious purchase of securities, either on margin or outright, to lay away for the coming advance."

These views of Mr. Freese are re-enforced in other authoritative quarters. They are especially valuable at this time as coming from a man whose skill in such matters has yielded him and his firm great success. He pointed out among many factors in the situation the tremendous balance of trade in our favor; the splendid

crops now reaching maturity; the abundant currency awaiting the revival of business, and the potent fact that the people are more nearly out of debt and out of supplies than ever before. Factories will soon be running at full speed, the hum of a busy nation of seventy millions, he predicts, will soon be heard throughout the land, and with labor and capital both fully employed, another great step will be taken toward the development of the country, and prosperity with advancing prices will be seen on every hand.

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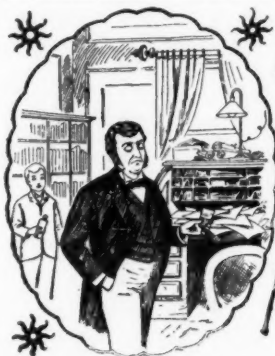
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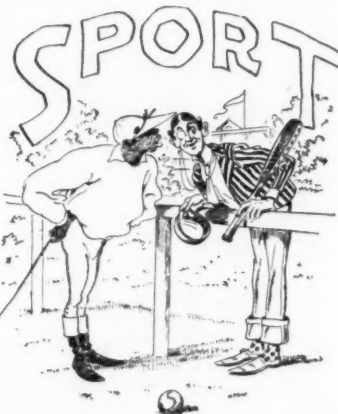
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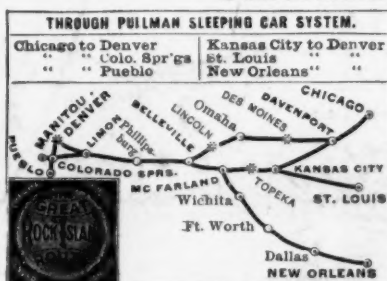
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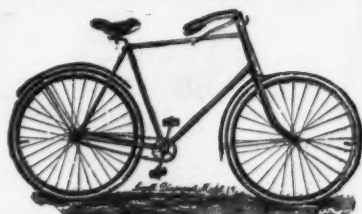
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